

6
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

OR
NEWS-PAPERS,

A COMEDY.

AS IT HAS BEEN LONG AND SUCCESSFULLY PLAYED UPON THE

PUBLIC.

"SI POPULUS VULT DECEPI—DECEPIATUR."

If the World will, why let it be deceived.

LONDON

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MDCCLII.

SCHOOL OF SCANDINAVIAN

NEWSPAPERS

A COMPANY



ALL INFORMATION IS TO BE KEPT SECRET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRAMBLE,
HARTLEY,
CHARLES,
CAPTAIN RUSSEL,
MANLY,
LORD BELMONT,

&c. &c.

Mrs. HARTLEY,
CHARLOTTE,
MARIA,
LADY BELMONT,
LADY LOUISA LOVELY,

&c. &c.

ERRATA.

Page 10, line 21, *Charlotte*.

- 16, — 25, for *LOYD's* read *GARRAWAY's*,
- 24, — for *Well* read *Wills*.
- 41, — 15, for *lock'd door* read *look'd four*.
- 51, — 14, read —both at—
- 63, — 10, read *gentry* ("the young party.")
- 64, — 20, read *my love*.
- 65, — 9, for *dam'e* read *DAME*.
- 72, — 14, and seq. *The FRENCH* inaccurately printed.
- 73, — 10, after *days* insert a comma.
- 78, — ult. *COVENTRY*.
- 83, — 19, for *bad* read *READ*.



SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE A Parlour—BRAMBLE by the Fire-side.

BRAMBLE.

T H O M A S !

Servant. Sir.

Bram. Is the **ARGUS** come?

Ser. No, fir.

Bram. The **TIMES**?—or the **MORNING HERALD**?

Ser. None yet, fir.

Bram. C—— these editors—I believe they delay their vile papers, only to vex me—Full half an hour have I waited—What is it o'clock?

Ser. Just seven, fir.

Bram. Can't be long—Oh! did **VARNISH** leave a note last night?

Ser. Yes, fir—here it is on the table—you were gone to bed—

(Exit Servant.)

B

Bram.

Bram. Leave me—(*opens*)—aye, aye, I dare say this will do.—that VARNISH is a good hand, but *curfedly* dear—he vows he has five shillings from every body, for six lines—as some papers will not insert them under a *shilling*—and that he has never betrayed me—and those brutes, the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE and the GENERAL EVENING, &c. won't admit them at all—(*reads*)—well—

“ Dec. 4. *A diamond is incrusted with rugged stones*
 “ *—and the rose is guarded with thorns—and under a*
 “ *stern countenance may lie concealed the riches of intellect*
 “ *and humanity*” —(*lays down his spectacles*)—d——
 him, how's that!—every one will say he means the
 CHANCELLOR; I fear but few would think of me—
 however let's finish—

“ *So the BRAMBLE, dangerous to vice, is the fence*
 “ *of property and liberty, from the trespasses of villainy*
 “ *and oppression.*” —

Very well, very well; that is very true—much
 justice there—what more?

“ *The keen point of the bramble may perchance hurt the*
 “ *unwary hand of heedless presumption—but it defends*
 “ *the inclosure of the harvest from the encroachments of*
 “ *the mischievous and wanton traveller.*”

Very pretty, very good—this fellow mends—and,
 as I can rely on his *secrecy*——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. HARTLEY, sir.

Bram. Mr. HARTLEY, sir!—why, what the
 d—— does he here at seven in the morning! c——'d
 inter-

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interruption—but shew him up—*(Exit Servant)*
 now must I defer, perhaps till evening, (from fresh
 engagements) all the wild fancies, daring strokes,
 luscious hints, and so forth, of at least ten out of
 thirteen morning papers—I wish, by Jove, he had
 fallen from his horse, and broken his leg—or, at
 least—

Enter HARTLEY.

Ah! my dear worthy sir, how d'ye do—and your
 Lady—and dear Charlotte and Charles?

Hart. All well, thank God—*(TOM! a tankard
 and toast.—)*

Ser. Yes, sir.

Hart. I am going down to RICHMOND, to hunt
 with the King, and shew your cocknies what a chase
 is—But, can you bring me the parchments to-mor-
 row at breakfast, about the Devonshire estate, knock-
 ed down to my agent for 6000*l.* at Lord RIOT's
 auction?—Brother Manly goes with me to the Bank.
 His Lordship will give you the meeting, because he
 has promised to carry 5000*l.* to Brookes's, to-mor-
 row night—so I came now to save time—FRIENDLY
 will call in his carriage for me in a few minutes—
(Drinks) Health to you, my friend, and G—bl—
 the K—.

Bram. With all my heart, good sir—“Thomas,
 “step and ask SCRIBBLE, the first clerk, if these
 “parchments will be in time.” *[Exit Servant.*

Hart. And when it suits, BRAMBLE, we'll talk
 about my CHARLES—and MOLLY RUSSEL, the CAP-

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TAIN's sister. You know, I bid my wife call and break the ice two months ago.—

Bram. Certainly, fir—the lady honoured me with such an intimation—as I am agent for Miss—But she's young, fir—scarcely twenty—early days, fir—

Hart. Twenty? twenty? Why, old boy, my wife was but eighteen.—

Bram. The fortune left, fir, is out at mortgage—and money scarce—and—

Part. Well, well, I've enough—settle and provide only for the heirs *lawfully*, and so forth—leave the care of the rest to me—I'll—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Scribble, fir, will be here in five minutes—Thirteen MORNING papers, fir, the EVENINGS, and those THREE times a week.

(Laying down papers.)

Hart. What—to bind up in a huge folio, like my mother's old family bible!!!—Heigh?—These for the HOUSE OF COMMONS!!!—

Bram. Ha, ha, ha!—my good, dear fir, you do so divert me—Why, fir, I read *all* these in the course of a day; every *article*—*advertisements, extracts, anecdotes* of the last century, and *letters* of two columns (like this, fir) of correspondents, whose spelling is corrected at the office, &c.

Hart. Now do you mean as you say?

Bram. Indeed, fir, I do.

Hart. Then, fir, if you have all that *lead* in your brains, I have no horse strong enough to carry you,
I took

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I took up one at my wife's breakfast table last week,—and the whole first page was CORDIALS for the gripes—SECRET PILLS—and SCURVY DIET DRINKS—it turn'd my very heart—I had like to have forgot my manners—These d——d potions should be published in a GAZETTE by themselves,—

Bram. Very pleasant—ha, ha, ha—medicines will operate, Mr. Hartley.—But—was there no news,—no politics—no strokes?—

Hart. May my bridle break, if there was not a plaguy hobble I got into—a vile scrape—thus I held the paper—turn'd to the window—once off, fir, I never stop—dash I went—“*'Twas well the Empress left off—she'd sartainly have been ravished by the im-maculate BILLY PITT.*”

Bram. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh! oh—excellent—and what then—dear fir—and what then?

Hart. What then?—Why MOLLY dropp'd her cup, and left the room—her MOTHER out-coloured the fire, but soon followed—the CAPTAIN curs'd the editor for a brute—and CHARLES, a dog, rated me, as if I wasn't his father.

Bram. Better and better—ha, ha, ha!—pardon me, fir—too high for the ladies—but England, fir—is the land of liberty; and the public will be pleased—a little smut in a corner—once and away—ha, ha, ha!

Hart. But I'll tell thee what, old friend—had the son of a w——e who wrote it, been then at my elbow, I'd a flead him—he should have out-tongued old YELPER and the whole pack too. D——it—
why

why do GARRICK and KEMBLE leave out all such trash from the stage; if a mother or a modest girl cannot open a paper? and, to crown the matter, in the very paragraph before, the rascal had abus'd all his brothers for filth and obscenity.

Bram. Good fir—you are right—but JOHN BULL—loves a joke, fir;—liberty of the press,—now, fir,—only look there—that's the FIREBRAND—the *centinel* of our *safety*—the *Guardian* of our *characters* and our *peace*—the—

Enter Servant.

Serv. (*Aside*) Sir, here's Mr. Scruple.

Bram. (*Aside*) Oh, keep him, keep him—at all events detain him. I'll see him in a few moments. (*Exit*) Well, fir, have you looked into that incomparable Journal?

Hart. O yes—ha, ha, ha, ex—cel—lent—this is most ex—cel—lent.—

Bram. Give me your hand, fir.—I've convinc'd you—that paper I would trust like the Gospel—read fir, only one line—pray read—what is't, what is't?

Hart. “A BRAMBLE (*like a briar*) is dangerous—Widows and Orphans should shun LINCOLN'S INN-FIELDS near KINGS BENCH WALK.—Ha, ha, ha,—very good, indeed—ha, ha, ha!—

Bram. Oh! the libellous DOG—the scoundrel—I'll to the ATTORNEY GENERAL—£.10,000 and the pillory—if I live—

Hart. With your leave, old friend, once more—

“BRAMBLES

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“BRAMBLES catch and hold fast—ONE we know, who
“receives debts—is trusted with title-deeds, and infant
“legacies, but the devil a penny does he refund—he’ll
“DISGORGE in the other world—”

Bram. Sir—I forswear the papers for ever and
ever—they are all as black as he that begat them—
false, forg’d, and infernal.

Hart. Nay, “liberty of the press,” Master Bram-
ble—“land of liberty,”—you trust a FIREBAND—
“all truth and heaven”—till they touch you and I—
then shrink goes the sensitive plant—like—

Enter Servant

Serv. Mr. FRIENDLY waits, sir.

Hart. ‘Zounds! why it’s half-past seven—I must
be at Richmond at eight—‘Bye, BRAMBLE—“liberty
“of the press”—ha, ha, ha. [Exit.

Bram. (alone) Laugh and be d—n’d, you
cur; ye’ve no more manners than your own hounds.
This was a vile mistake; I counted on his seeing
those of VARNISH’s—Most unlucky—perhaps it is
in another column—(reads)—

Serv. Mr. SCRUPLE, sir.

[Exit Servant.

Enter SCRUPLE.

Bram. Mr. SCRUPLE, how do you do? How
goes it? Spirits better I hope? Still very—very pale,
very pale—No soul, man—no life—no courage—

Scru. HERE is the malady, sir—rooted DEEP—
thorns, sir, all thorns WITHIN—Widow’s tears and
Orphan’s cries haunt and terrify my dreams—no res-
pite—

pite—no peace—no repose—A wounded *conscience*,
Mr. BRAMBLE, a wounded conscience——

Bram. Mr. SCRUPLE, I am astonish'd at you—absolutely *astonish'd*—Where is your *reason*, my friend? What do you fear? a vision, a shadow, a nothing? Exert yourself; shake it off—a bottle of good wine every day.——

Scru. No sir: I have tried all—pleasures, plays, amusements—all hollow and nothing—but oh!—I look at my wife and children, and think that “when I am cold, some *harpy* may deal by them as you and I, Mr. BRAMBLE, *have so* often—

Bram. 'Zounds, sir—what do you mean—do you remember *who* I am?

Scru. Mr. *Bramble*—Mr. *Bramble*—if giving vent—to merited reproach—could relieve my mind, I would *smile* at your frowns—and menaces—you *know* with two words—but at present—no *more* of that—

Bram. SIR?—I found you in a *jail*—with a wife and five infants—I *reliev'd*—I *maintain'd* you—you have character—competence—and *what* would ye *more*?——

Scru. And how have I *bought* it, sir? Can you restore my peace? I have washed the black-a-moor white, by prejudicing juries and the world with false intelligence inserted in public papers. I have got over circumstances that you shudder'd at, by solemn declarations in the FIREBRAND, that there were no less than *fifteen* credible witnesses of your innocence; and if *impertinents* came to the NEWS-OFFICE to demand

mand names and parties, I was gone down to YORK: if the call was repeated, I was ill, and twice I escaped only by DEATH. I have anticipated public censure upon you, by arraiging you where all knew you were innocent, that when a real charge came, I might do that away: once I took a large share in a daily JOURNAL—till the farce was too obvious, and when my style was universally known, I hired VARNISH.—

Bram. No more, my dear friend, no more,—What can I do? what will you have—*speak, say,* command me—

Scru. Only these Orphans, RUSSEL and MARIA—*What* do you mean? no evasion—hand on heart—as you are true, so I—

Enter Servant.

Serv. (Aside.) Mr. CONSOL, sir, waits—in great haste—

Bram. (Aside.) Coming in one instant, [*Exit Ser.* Stay, stay, dear, dear SCRUPLE; if in one month I do not, in your presence, arrange the whole fully to your satisfaction, then take whatever measures you please. Now go to my study, till I come.

Scru. I am easier, sir—I believe you—only keep your solemn promise, and I am myself again.—

Bram. Depend on me, sir, depend on me—the dear there—Good morning, good morning [*Exit Scruple.*] and be d——n'd, you canting, whining scoundrel. I almost suspect he has betray'd me, by conveying those two paragraphs—either HE or VARNISH; I'll know—"Conscience," quotha—"conscience," indeed

deed — why I scarce, now, ever heed it — the CHILD indeed forced *abroad* to the plantations — and sold for a slave — but some PAPERS cleared me — Damn SMOLLET and his long * digressions — but some PAPERS cleared me — so no more of that, no more of that. — (hurries off.)

S C E N E. *A Breakfast Parlour.*

Mrs. HARTLEY — *in tears* —

It cannot! — cannot be! — Heaven and its Providence forbid! — my poor, my darling ROBERT! — Why, Oh! why did I suffer thee to leave these arms? — why dread the dangers of a public education at home — and trust thee with a tutor, however approved, at GENEVA? — How shall I answer a distracted husband, when he demands his child? — Cruel SARDINIA! — to invade a peaceful city! — in the silence of midnight! — massacre its inhabitants! — my child, my offspring, where was thy mother then? — where that watchful beneficence which protects its creatures? MANLY, the partial uncle, who urged the plan, what will he feel? — (enter CHARLOTTE behind). And, CHAR — my sweet girl, this will overcome thy sensibility — could my tears — (sits)

Char. (aside) Oh! it is, it must be so — she's in tears; now for a struggle — which this throbbing bosom — (flies and kneels). Madam — my mother — my dear mamma — but hear me — I am, indeed, your innocent, your virtuous child — think not I could ever act unworthy of yourself —

* See the affecting narrative of a real fact. in Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle*, vol. IV.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Hart. (*aside*) Away tears—what means my sweet girl, why this distress, my love?—Rise, and hide not the worst from a mother.—

Char. Oh! madam—your goodness soothes me—the distress in which I found you, proves you know the source of my present sufferings: you have heard—

Mrs. Hart. What, my love?—I know of nothing that reflects on my pride, my Charlotte; speak then to a parent, my dear, when anxiety and suspense redoubles her alarm.—

Char. When dressing, madam, this morning, my SALLY trembled, and could scarce attend me.—
“What’s the matter, SALLY?” She burst into tears—
“Madam, I dare not tell you.” I started, and commanded her to speak.—
“Dear madam, as HENRY stood airing the paper to-day by the kitchen fire, “gracious! said he, here’s something against our young lady,”
—“My name in the paper, said I?—Bring it me directly—The poor girl fetched me the FIREBRAND, and left me; will you read it, madam? (*retires.*)

Mrs Hartley reads. “On Sunday evening arrived safe, (we love few words, therefore should not say, SOUND) in HANOVER-SQUARE Miss C—
“H— from an excursion (in the groves of KENSINGTON) with a certain noble cousin L—d S—
“—*Moss*, indeed, is soft at nine in the evening—but
“it may be damp, and snakes lie hid in the grass—”

Come hither thou dear, blushing simpleton—well may you colour, Charlotte, and hide your face in

these arms,—is it possible, my child, you could do otherwise than smile at so poor a device? Why, do you know, love, that half the anecdotes of families are received from discarded servants—whom poverty and profligacy assist to invent any thing? no, my dear,—remember HAYLEY, and “*let SERENA’s answer be her life**.”

Char. Why then were you in tears, madam? I concluded you had certainly—

Mrs. Hartley. Oh! no, my love—poor, dear ROBERT—perhaps, before this time—

Char. For Heaven’s sake, Madam, what of the dear boy?

Mrs. Hart. Be calm, my love—but it is *here*, indeed, I feel—The vile aspersion on your character a generous public will scoff at—but a mother’s fondness—read, read, child.

Char. Merciful Powers!—What’s this?—“*Certain advices—SARDINIAN Majesty—storm’d GENOVA—when express came, orders—“no quarter”—hope best—such the fruits of tyrannic power—and dread of NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.*”—Forgive me my ever honoured mamma, if I differ from your better judgment—Collect that fortitude, Madam, which your example has ever recommended to your children; GENEVA is fortified—rich and strong—Many brave ENGLISH there—all the citizens practised in arms—the CANTONS guarantee them—the French National troops are ever on the watch.—

* See Hayley’s Triumphs of Temper, Canto IV.

Mrs. Hart. Thank you, my love—I am much easier.—How dear the consolations of a child to a mother's spirits!

Char. Then, madam—the Post is regular—we must have heard—CHARLES can learn in a moment at WHITEHALL—or, perhaps, CAPTAIN RUSSEL, to oblige—to oblige *you*, madam——

Mrs. Hart. Oh! yes, my dear, to oblige ME—Will you be a suitor to the Captain, Charlotte?—I question if he would refuse you—Can you say as much for him, my dear?

Char. Dear madam, you confuse me—you know, madam, the Captain never address——

Mrs. Hart. Yes, my love, I do know, and *more* than *you*, too—Before he left town, he called here, while you were with his sister, requested an audience—stammered—told his love—regretted that 3000*l.* and expectations, with his commission, were his all—owned your superior prospects; and confessed, that these had induced him to apply to your friends, rather than to yourself;—if not approved, he would return to INDIA, and end his days single, but ever soothed by the remembrance of the happier days, when honoured with the friendship of the HARTLEY family.

Char. And *pray*, madam (not that I am particularly)——

Mrs. Hart. Not *at all*, my dear—because you know papa half promised you to the BARONET, in——

Char.

Char. But, madam, you remember, I entreated you not to sacrifice my happiness.—

Mrs. Hart. I did, my sweet girl—I hope I have succeeded—I therefore owned the honour and delicacy of the Captain's conduct—and if Mr. HARTLEY—

Enter CHARLES.

Madam—Maria—forgive me—Who could bear this?—I shall go wild—if curses and imprecations could prevent it—but I'll throw up my commission,—I'll serve no longer.—

Mrs. Hart.—Why, what's the matter, child?—What has thus agitated you?—My CHARLES respects, I believe, his mother.

Charles. Madam, forgive me; my indignation makes me forget every thing.—

Char. So it does, brother—you forgot the question put to you.

Charles. Thank you, Charlotte—I remember it.—Would you have *supposed*, madam, that the sons of CHATHAM were turned assassins and invaders—of unoffending nations—and their defenceless coasts already torn by civil dissensions, terrors, and dangers?—Would the Veteran RODNEY have commanded?—Would CLARENCE “murder midnight sleepers?”—At the age of eleven, MARIA, we fought on board the Admiral's ship.—At last my foot slipped, and I fell—his generous hand raised me—“Up again, my lad—back to your gun, boy, and fight
“ it

"it out, fair yard-arm and yard-arm"—No, madam, if every lying paper howls out the menace to eternity, I will not believe that a *prince*, a *fleet*, that *officers*, that *seamen*, like our own—

Enter MANLY.

Good morning, sister—how d'ye do, MARIA?—What at a *tragedy*, Charles?—Here's foreign intelligence arrived earlier than attempted before—by the CONTINENT.

Mrs. Hart. My dear Manly, any thing of Geneva?

Charles. Sir, what do they think of our fleet?

Char. Pray, uncle, satisfy us, if—

Manly. Patience, good Christian people, patience—I can answer but one at a time.

"Paris, July 24th, (that's only forty hours ago)

"An English nobleman at Geneva assures us, that all
"there is a perfect calm—amidst the shocks and terrors
"of surrounding states, peace, the daughter of heaven,
"still smiles upon them.—

Mrs. Hart. Thank G—, thank G— for this.

Manly. LORD SOMERVILLE (ah! CHARLOTTE—the FIREBRAND sent you to Kensington with his Lordship, last Sunday—pity that it were not true)—

Char. Dear uncle, this raillery is almost unkind.—

Manly. Hush, child—"LORD SOMERVILLE arrived here last night, and thus finishes his travels—
"(except short excursions in the FIREBRAND, Charlotte)—in three years;—he was yesterday with the noble family of NEVILLE—to whom he is likely soon to be united."—

Charles.

Charles. Come, sir—now the fleet.—

Manly. (Ironically) “Well, calm, unmoved philosopher”—I’ll tell thee.

“We have just received LORD GRENVILLE’s explicit answer from Mr. BARTHOLEMY, “THAT the ENGLISH government could have no wish to injure, or to invade a people, whose national commotions claimed the anxious pity and commiseration of every part of Europe.”—

Charles. Huzza!—give me your hand, uncle—how many aching hearts will this relieve—Madam, I have letters for you from dear ROBERT. A servant brought them late last night. I do not correspond with GENEVA—RUSSEL, therefore, directed, that all pacquets, by the foreign mail, that came for him till he returned, should be forwarded here, that I might open them, to see if any from my brother.—

Mrs. Hart. That was very considerate and delicate in the Captain—I will thank him—Come, brother, breakfast waits—’tis near ten.

Manly. Sister, I am with you—Charles, take care of your mother—Come, (to CHARLOTTE) thou lily of Kensington gardens, I’LL watch thee now.—
(Exit.)

SCENE An Apartment at LOYD’S.

Enter FOUR BROKERS.

1 Br. Well, gentlemen, what say ye, before we go to’CHANGE—CONSOLS shut yesterday, at 86 1-3d any thing new?—any fluctuation?—

2 Br.

2 Br. GAZETTE out—but nothing in it—last private letters say “*All quiet abroad.*”—If I sell out, it shall be at 87, even without next dividend.

3 Br. I settle to-day, and must have the ready—I’ll sell, if possible, at 86½.

4 Br. Sir, you’ll never get that—take 86½, and it’s done—beforehand—

3 Br. Ha, Mr. DISCOUNT, what, do you mean to take advantage of a broker?—What allow nothing for me in the same line?—Gentlemen, this is very extraordinary.

2 Br. Why so, Mr. DIVIDEND?—you are at liberty either to take or to let it alone—the gentleman only means, if you must sell, and can get no buyer—

3 Br. When you are at a pinch, Mr. TRANSFER, and have done me as many good turns as I have done Mr. DISCOUNT, I bate you one half or one-third per cent. at least, for a few thousands—one good turn—

1 Br. Come, come, gentlemen—agree, agree—you are all too honest by half—many in the trade only speculate on uncertainties, with cash trusted to them—You are above such things—If Mr. DISCOUNT is pinch’d, we’ll all club, and help him, and make it up some other day—He would be the first to—

Enter MOSES.

Moses. Newsh, newsh, great newsh, gentlemensh all, great newsh—I goes to ’Change, and shells all I have—for—

D

All

All Br. What news, little Moses—what news?

Moses. This letter comes just now from PARIS, and with it, this French paper—The KING is gone off again—got safe to GERMANY—QUEEN is poisoned—DON CARLOS has come from Spain—SARDINIA has left Turin—LEOPOLD has taken STRASBOURG—GUSTAVUS and FREDERIC have crossed Flanders—and all these princes dine at the LOUVRE to-morrow.—

1 Br. Who has heard of this?

2 Br. Not I.

4 Br. Nor any of us.

Br. Moses, how do you know this to be true?

Moses. Oh! sir, it is certain true—I will take my oath on't—and so shall all our tribe—I never tells any news I will not shew too—I am as innocent as the child unborn—

1 Br. Why, gentlemen, I think this exceeding bad news—Though I do not credit it all, yet if this formidable attack be made on the FRONTIERS, there will be a terrible struggle—Aristocrats exiled—property confiscated—AMERICA comes in—our fleet may be sent out—all the horrors of war—taxes and excise doubled—

3 Br. Who'll buy before we go?—86, 86½.

4 Br. I'm at only 86¼.

2 and 1 Br. 86!!!—

Moses. Gentlemen, I am a friend to all—stop, I will take all, to 24,000!—

All

All Br. How, how, what's this!—you bring the news, and yet you'll buy—

Moses. Yesh, shir—and becaushe why?—be-
caushe itsh the proper right way—For you see, I
have 30,000*l.* of a nabob, to manage for the best—
and sho, gentlemensh, to sherve you, I'll pay with
hissh monies, and shave my own and yours—

1 Br. Ah! Moses, thou art the Prince of the
Jewsh—Zounds, gentlemen, here's friendship—
'Gad, I'll go to their synagogue—

2 Br. Moses, send me a Passover-cake—I'll—

Enter MANLY and HARTLEY.

Manly. Gentlemen, good morning—this is a
brother-in-law of mine—

2 Br. Sir, we are all happy to see you, and any
friend of yours—we would not deceive you, Mr.
MANLY—Stocks very low—better wait—bad news,
sir.—

Moses. Yesh, yesh—very bad news, excheeding
bad—I'll buy all you pleashe, sir, out of private
friendship, shir—

Manly. Well, but what, whence, by whom, and
how?

Moses. Oh! shir, read that lettersh—'tis from
my own broder, JUDASH BARABBASH—he ish like
the TURKISH SPY, gentlemensh, who lived forty-
five yearsh there undiscover'd—

Manly. Mr. HARTLEY, one word with you.

Hart. (Aside.) Why, MANLY, is it possible that little swarthy devil, who deals himself, should have credit for even his scripture oath?

Manly. (Aside.) Credit?—What, don't you know the proverbial credulity of the English?—A century back, it was currently reported, that “the POPE was seen at a gin-shop in WAPPING”—I myself saw the fullest audience a theatre could hold, assembled to be spectators of a man *jumping into a quart bottle*—and you heard of the new *Duke of Ormond* at *Newmarket*.—Come, see, how I'll manage.

(Aloud) Nothing, gentlemen, can be more kind and munificent than the offer of this *worthy ISRAELITE*—but 'twere pity he should suffer—so, MOSES, I'll keep this paper and the secret—Go to 'Change—say nothing, and we'll follow—

Moses. Yesh, shir—but I wants to go to prayer-sh first—and I tooks an oath to my *broder*, not to part with this letter—so, if you pleasht, shir—

Manly. No, Moses, I do not please—the letter I keep, and perhaps it will be *best* for you to *move*—or—

Moses. Yesh, shir—I understandsh—sharvent, gentlemensh. *(Aside.)* Oh! damn'd pork-eating villains—

(Exit Moses.)

Manly. Gentlemen, so often as I have warned you against such wretches, and their forged gazettes—see, here is intelligence from Paris, in forty hours, by the CONTINENT, sanctioned as strong as any news can be, and confirmed by four different French papers of first

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

21

first reputation, which always come with it, to authenticate it, and are now in the coffee-room—I compared them as I came through.

All Br. Well, sir—well, sir?

Manly. The KING has fully accepted the constitution, and has invited every sovereign in Europe to receive the ambassadors now deputed. DON CARLOS and all the INQUISITION can hardly keep the people in order. AUSTRIA and PRUSSIA have disbanded a number of regiments; and the plenipotentiaries of RUSSIA and the PORTE have agreed to an armistice—while—

1. *Br.* G—bl—y— Sir—no more—have you business? buy or sell, we're all at your pleasure.

Manly. Thank you, gentlemen,—Mr. Hartley will sell out 6000l. but expressly on condition that it shall be at yesterday's price—if they fall to-day, he will make good the difference—but you know my address, and I believe they'll rise. (Exeunt.)

2. *Br.* With pleasure, Sir—good morning, gentlemen—shall we toss MOSES in a blanket!

3. *Br.* No, Sir—pin this letter to his hat, and let the waiters kick him into the street, to return no more—Ha—ha—ha— (Exeunt.)

S C E N E A Parlour.

Enter RUSSEL.

Thomas—has Mr. Hartley called?

Serv. No, Sir,—but this was left by a stranger like an officer—he declined leaving a card—

Ruf.

Ruf. Strange!—let my sister know I attend her—

(*Exit Ser.*)

Leave no name!—what's this?

“Sir,

“*Lt. Hartley's visits to Mrs. LIVELY, the merchant's widow in Bloomsbury—appear singular—as he pretends to Miss Russel—and honourable proposals have been made to the former lady by*

“*Your most obedient servant,*”

What the Devil's this?—the fellow's a liar—if I knew the dog I'd cane him—Ah! my love.

Enter Maria.

What drooping, my dearest sister?—I hoped the indisposition of last night had removed—and beg your pardon that I could not return to town before you retired—(*Chocolate brought*).

Mar. Thank you brother—I shall be better—a little nervous—but I hope—

Russel. Yes, Maria, and I hope too, that CHARLES will be here soon—his affectionate attentions—why that sigh? these tears?—speak, my love—unfold your heart to your brother.

Maria. Indeed I am ashamed of this weakness—but yet—

Ruf. But what, my love?—do not thus alarm me—tell me all—and without reserve.

Mar. Then forgive me, my dear RUSSEL—but do you know a WIDOW LADY in BLOOMSBURY?—

Ruf.

Ruf. In BLOOMSBURY?

Mar. Have you ever seen a Mrs. LIVELY there?

Ruf. (Mrs. LIVELY—Good G—) (*aside*) Never, my dear.—

Mar. Then again forgive me—a lady in her own carriage called last night—left this newspaper for me, with a note, requesting for my peace sake I would read it—from idle curiosity I did—perhaps you'll blush for the folly, and with a stronger mind than my own will despise it, as I hope I ought to do.

Russel reads—(enter CHARLES stealing towards Maria's chair)

Ruf. (*aloud*) "LT. C. H—Y is a pupil of M—
" DAN's—he *sues* in PRESCOT-STREET, and *woes* a
" LIVELY widow in BLOOMSBURY—variety, &c.

What can this mean—damn the anonymous scoundrel?

Charles. (*discovers himself*) AMEN, Russel! give me the paper.—

Mar. Oh! heavens—Mr. HARTLEY—how came you here?

Charles. In one moment, my dearest love, (*taking her hand and reading*)—(RUSSEL walks)—"C. H—y, " Mrs. Lively, &c."—now, RUSSEL—out at once, my boy—what do you think of all this?—band on heart—speak freely—I know you fear not the devil himself—so tell me.—

Ruf. Why, CHARLES, I only say, that I know you too well to doubt you—and am sure my sweet girl, is too candid to hesitate where her brother leads
—MARIA,

—MARIA, some chocolate to the DOCTOR's *pupil*—
but, CHARLES, you have *another* friend—read that—

(CHARLES reads.)

Ruf. Come, Maria—a sailor hides nothing—he'll do you justice; and if any man on earth ever lov'd honour, 'tis he.—

Charles. Miss Ruffel — (thank that bewitching smile, it tells me I may say, MARIA)—will then, my dear MARIA, the noble frankness of this BROTHER of mine (blush not if I call him so) commands a fraternal sincerity from me—know then that Mrs. LIVELY.—

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Harkye, harkye, good folks, how do, Maria? Mrs. LIVELY? Take care, CHARLES—Miss WHISPER (kind creature!) has called to say your two names are in more than one paper together;—be assured that in all cases between you and my dearest girl—I take her part—and I'll be judge.

Ruf. Madam, (*to CHARLOTTE*) I obey you, please to take that great chair as my Lord KENYON—I plead as Mr. ERSKINE—(G—bl—them—they are the best friends to ladies)—you most implacable plaintiff (*to Mar.*) on his Lordship's right—(*ladies we allow to sit, my Lord*)—and thou—*here*—vis-à-vis, —to myself—most *modest* and *immaculate* defendant (you dog)—now, sir, speak, speak—so help you honour, truth, and love.

Charles. Your Lordship and the honourable court know the charge—the answer is brief—Mrs. LIVELY comes in for the whole of her husband's property;
a brave

a brave lad (a midshipman on board the *CENTURION*), has received not a shilling remittance from her of 200*l.* a-year (till then allowed him by his uncle), since his decease: he wrote to me: I called in Bloomsbury; and in three visits, with a little flattery, yet never losing sight of my SOVEREIGN lady here (*to Maria*), I prevailed on the fair one to settle 300*l.* per ann. for life; *voilà tout*; thanks to the liberal world, which decides without enquiry—(and without a hearing)—from the testimony of incendiaries, or the evidence of malice and envy.

Ruf. (*to CHARLOTTE, as KEN.*) My Lord, the defendant has honourably acquitted himself—thus far—but where is the line left by a lady?—there—speak to it—sir—and may the court send you a good deliverance—

Charles. My Lord—(*examining*)—my Lord—this note, my Lord—I beg to be excus'd—(*smiling satirically*)—Mr. Erskine—

All. Guilty!!!—guilty!!!—guilty!!!—

Ruf. (*Ironically*)

“Tremble, thou miscreant—undivulged caittiff!!!”

Charles. I beseech your Lordship's candour—Mr. Ersk.—possibly you had better excuse me—for your own sake.—

Ruf. My sake, sir?—sir, I cannot comprehend you—speak, sir—I fear nothing—

Charles. Then, my Lord, I beg the plaintiff to favour me with a sight of that note also, which came

E

with

with the accusing paper—Is *this* it, my Lord?—
(*reads*)—aye—good—very good—Must I confess,
Mr. Erskine?

Ruf. (*as E.*) Yes, sir—or the torture—(*aside*)
d—n him—*what's this?*—

Charles. Then, my Lord—will *you* look at it,
Mr. Erskine? (*Ruf. reads.*)

Char. (*as Ken.*) “——Why, how now, Erskine?
“What see you in this paper, that you lose
“So much complexion?—Look ye, how he changes!
“His cheeks are paper!—Why, what read ye there?”

Ruf. (*as Ersk.*) My Lord—gentlemen of the
jury—my Lord—I pray you adjourn the court; I am
wanted in WESTMINSTER-HALL; the managers are
going to begin—When that trial is over—I'll bring
back this brief—less than four years more—(*runs off.*)

Maria. Stop thief!—stop thief!!—a writ and a
bailiff for Mr. Ersk.!!!—the first he ever had in his
life—But, Charlotte (*aside*) what's this?—

Char. (*aside*) H——n knows—I'm all in a trem-
ble——

Ruf. (*aside*) Now, my dear fellow, by my mo-
desty let me go—if ever we beat the bushes together
at the grove——

Charles. No—that shalt thou not, “*most pure and*
“*immaculate defendant*”—(you dog)—Come, sir—to
the bar—*alias*, the back of that chair—Now, I'm
Erskine; my LORD LOUGHBOROUGH (*to Maria*) (we
all change), will you relieve my LORD KENYON a
few

few minutes; thank you, my Lord—now, defendant—poor fellow!—quite chop-fallen!!!—

Ruf. (to *Maria*, as *L.*)

“A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel!!”

“Oh! wise young judge, how do I honour thee!”—

Char. (as *E.*)

“Brief, brief, thou miscreant, undivulged caittiff!!!”

Maria. (as *LOUGH.*) Flatter not his Lordship—Take care, Defendant (to *R.*) if you go on thus, I shall make an assault in the court with my fan.—

Char. Will it please you, Mr. Counsel, to forward my suit?—

Char. (as *E.*) Your suit, cherry lip? Why, hereafter I have a suit with just such a rose-bud as yourself—and I hope you’ll be my pleader then—Though I lay great stress there on the approbation of his LORDSHIP!—I humbly hope, my honourable Lord will be propitious! (to *Maria.*)—What think you, plaintiff? (to *Charlotte.*)

Char. Why, Mr. Erskine, I can refer you to his Lordship only for an answer—I have opened the cause, in private—his Lordship is never precipitate, you—(as *L.* to *Charlotte.*)

Maria. (as *L.*) Brother Kenyon, I call you to order—you quote a case not similar to the present, and I shall suspect—

Charles. (as *E.*) Your pardon, my Lord—I have done—now then, unheard-of culprit, speak, expound—or the torture directly—

Ruf. (to *Maria*, as *L.*) My Lord, I will be brief—but as honest as my heart, and such a court enjoins me—this note is from a *Frail Fair*, once in Park-street. Being introduced where she was (tho' as a lady of *character*), a set of wild brother officers made me drink, almost to stupefaction—and since that night, I never saw her more—

Maria. (as *L.*) Take care—defendant—on your honour—no more—Remember perjury and a pillory—prevarication and commitment—

Ruf. On my honour, my Lord—no more—letters I received frequently—some conciliatory—others violent—Charles (*I should say Mr. ERSKINE*) saw the address, but all were returned under cover, and not opened—A bully called, and found this most learned COUNSEL, waiting at my lodgings, in a morning dress—mistook him for me—first endeavoured to intimidate him—and then threw down a challenge—This officious gentleman met, disarm'd, and can'd him—but told me not one syllable; till being apprised by my servant, that a gentleman had called on me, when Mr. Erskine (*alias HARTLEY*) was abroad, I taxed him with it—but could never get the note, name, nor address, to this hour—the handwriting, I suppose, he conceives the same—the insertion of a contemptible paragraph in a venal paper, is a poor device—and easily effected—I doubt not by this revengeful fair, and her scoundrel agent—And further, this deponent saith not—

Charles.

Charles. Dropping the character of Mr. Erskine, I also present myself at this bar (*alias* chair) and request the candid construction and generous compassion of the court for us both—

Char. (as Lough. to Ruf.) Well, sir—without consulting Brother KENYON, except by the testimony of features and looks, I quash both indictments.—

Charles. Then here's my action for damages and costs of suit, &c.—“Truth is mighty, and will prevail!”—
(*Salutes MARIA.*)

Maria. Oh! fie—Mr. E—what without a verdict?—very irregular, indeed—I should conceive *this* gentleman had as good a right—

Ruf. Do you, indeed, my Lord?—Then I am forc'd to acquiesce—hush, hush—fair plaintiff—I must stop the mouth which reflects on Lord Kenyon—
(*Salutes CHARLOTTE.*)

Char. (as L.) Indeed, brother Kenyon, I seldom differ from you, *Charles.*—My dearest Maria, if you and Charles will give us leave, Russel and myself will pay a visit *incog.* to the office that gives birth to this daring FIREBRAND—and to-morrow, at your breakfast table, will report progress—Will you go, Russel?—

Ruf. Will I?—Aye, that I will—and most gladly too; and, Charles, let the boatswain be within call in the street—we may pick up a few hands for the fleet.

Charles. Neither, Russel, will we omit a sheriff's officer, too; surely there may be something actionable
able

able also—Will you, Miss Ruffel, give us dinner first?—My mother will not expect us.—

Maria. Why—yes—but we are plain folks, Mr. Hartley—we have no *fêtes*, as in BLOOMSBURY.

Char. Oh! no, Maria—you mean PARK-STREET.—

Charles. Treason!!!—treason!!!—libel!!!—libel!!!—AKERMAN (*to Ruf.*) take away your prisoner.—

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Office, &c. *Enter Conductor.*

CONDUCTOR.

VERY hard, very hard—damn these contrary winds—and the bulky packets, that must wait for tides—no news—not a word—and that cursed fellow too CORNWALLIS—he should send us dispatches over land once a week—I wish 'foregad that Tippoo would catch and impale him—and that his whole army was washed away by the rains—all nearly quiet too on the CONTINENT—but for that charming massacre at AVIGNON, we should have a mere dearth—FLANDERS indeed and the Emperor—some hopes of mischief there—but no certainty—and then, my d—d Editor abuses me for want of invention—though he pays me next to nothing—if I did not privately sell his intelligence, to the other papers, I should starve; but there is a relish in revenge!—little does he think that I insert paragraphs in other Morning Prints, to cut him up—as black and corrosive as the venom of his own heart;—Villain as he is, why does not he not pay me to be honest?—instead of grinding the faces of men, who earn their scanty pittance by—

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, if you please—

Cond. Be gone, scoundrel—I have nothing ready—the compositors may wait—I am forced like the spider to weave from my own vitals.—

Boy. No, Sir—here's an officer and another gentleman, who enquire for you—they say that they sent a note—.

Cond. Oh! I remember—they did so—but I thought they would not be here till the evening—shew them up—I wonder what the deuce they want—*(exit Boy)* I hope they have no canes in their hands—so many impositions—I dare say only a friseur and a taylor disguised to pay for a paragraph on crops and hanging collars—but for them and little PICKLE, we must have shut up—ESCAPE, indeed, thanks to the Prince's bookseller.—

Enter CHARLES and RUSSEL.

Charles. Mr. Editor, your servant; this is Mr. HOWARD—my name is LOYAL—both at your service.—

Cond. Gentlemen, you do me honour—may I beg to know what has procured me the pleasure of this visit?

Ruf. Directly, Sir,—I was in the guards—and broke for a *false* charge of cowardice—my worthy friend there was in the church—and had his gown pulled over his ears—for *nothing*—so we are going to set up a morning paper—and with your invaluable talents and assistance.—

Cond.

Cond. Sir—Sir—I beg pardon—but—

Charles. So that, Sir, if you will desert the ideot Editor (whom you now write for) double pay, Sir—or your own terms—our characters will secure us a univerfal name for profligacy, ribaldry, and blasphemy—we shall be read by every body—and your fortune's made—

Cond. Gentlemen—I'm your man—I'll engage the usual hands to write—but perhaps you'd like to see them first—and talk to them yourselves—

Ruf. By all means, Mr. Conductor—we shall be much obliged—

Cond. Sir, in ten minutes, I'll have three or four of them (*rings*) Better hands I know not—(*TOM—run, and bid STAB, DARK, and a few others, come here*) but egad, gentlemen—one thing I had forgot—dare ye fight?—should a thundering blade now stalk in—and take ye by the nose—or so—misfortunes will attend the righteous themselves—

Ruf. Why, indeed, I have never *tried* the experiment—but hang it—An atheist who believes nothing should fear nothing—I'll venture—or like some editors, *run down to OXFORD.*

Charles. Besides, HOWARD, I'll practise an hour every day, with a pistol, at a mark—that's making sure—

Enter LORD HURRYMORE.

Lord H. D—— ye all—which of you is the conductor?—Is it you, sir? (*to Ruf.*) I am Lord Hurrymore—

F

Ruf.

Ruf. No, my Lord—I am not so happy—

Lord H. Then is it you, sir? (to *Charles*.)

Charles. Indeed, my Lord, I have not talents for such an undertaking—

Lord H. Then d—— you, sir, it must be you—
speak, confess, you dog, or I'll have your blood—

(*Collins's Conductor*.)

Cond. Why, my Lord—if your Lordship will let me breathe—I must own, that—in part—I believe—I am—

Lord H. Then, scoundrel—stretch your jaws—for if I live, this kitten (*producing one*) finds its way down your throat—

Cond. Really, my Lord—I beg—I must beg—to be excused—after a hearty dinner—my only meal—I am afraid of indigestion—

Lord H. Oh! be d——'d to you, fear no apoplexy—but that of a gallows—eat, devil, eat—or I'll cut you up, you dog—

(*draws*.)

Cond. Pray, my good Lord—be calm—consider—if—Mrs. Puffs grip'd so hard—should be ill—and I have no other clothes.—

Ruf. Pray, my Lord, what's the offence?—

Lord H. Sir, he said in his d——'d paper, that I eat a live cat—

Cond. I beg your Lordship's pardon—I said you did not eat a live cat—

Lord H. Sir, that's as bad—that's implying I eat part of a dead one—Come, rascal—eat—devour—and then “to supper with what appetite ye may.”

Charles.

Charles. If, my lord, he confine himself this meal to the two hind quarters, for trial—perhaps—

Cond. Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord, Mr. Loyal, I shall die away—indeed—I must say—that—without appetite—and even—with a natural antipathy—to this sort of food—it is really—very—

Lord H. D— your appetite—I'll sharpen that—this edge—

Ruf. Let me intercede with your lordship—to require no more than the tail, and a few inches adjacent—

Lord H. All, fir, all—or I'll have a *“pound of flesh nearest his heart”*—unless he will insert in his vile paper, that I never eat any part of a live or dead cat.—

Cond. I would do—any thing—to oblige—your lordship—but I beg—your lordship would consider—the delicate character of a morning paper—if—I were to contradict myself—

Lord H. Oh! rot ye, no evasion—paper, or pufs, this instant—

Cond. Hold—hold, my lord—I will—I will—there—(writes)—“*dira necessitas!*”—there—“*no pari*”—Will that do, my lord?

Lord H. This once, scoundrel—it shall—I pocket the affront—but remember, fir—I have a succession of litters—next time—'fore gad, you eat the whole brood, blind and new-born—so with this kick, you're off—

(Exit.

Ruf. Why, Mr. Conductor—this life is somewhat military—hair-breadth 'scapes, and so forth—

Cond. Damn him—a bloody-minded villain—a savage—a cannibal—I'll match him—But, gentlemen, this is nothing to *what I have* gone through—I remember—one afternoon——

Enter CAPTAIN DERRY.

Capt. Derry. Arrah now, my dear hönies, which of you is the editor?—

Ruf. This is the gentleman, sir—

Capt. D. Then—my dear boy, I have a precious paragraph of yours—here she is—Did you, dear, write about LORD MORRIS—and the IRISH—and SOFT LIPS?—

Cond. Why, sir, I believe—on recollection—perhaps—I might—

Capt. D. Why then, my dear lad, my name is Captain Patrick Derry—at your service—Will ye shew these gentlemen a few French capers—round these chairs—newest imported—

Cond. Sir—with infinite satisfaction—but for a sprain in this left ancle—coming down in the dark from my garret this morning without a rush-light—otherwise, sir, such is my *esteem* for the gallant Irish—that I would dance on ST. PATRICK'S day, from morning——

Capt. D. Try now, once, my dear höney—here's a fiddlestick—and give us a little vocal music, d'ye see—

(BEATS him.)

Cond.

Cond. G—zounds, fir—why you'd raise the dead—your damn'd shillaleigh—

(*Dodging among the chairs.*)

Ruf. (*Aside*) Why, Charles, ST. PATRICK beats excellent time!

Capt. D. Do now—my dear fellow—tip us the true Irish howl—practise before you come to Tyburn—ye dog—and make another song about LORD MORRIS—and me—“and our heads, and our lips, soft, and like as two chips.”—do, honey—

(*Beats him.*)

Cond. Oh! L— Oh! L— do, dear good gentlemen—for the love of G— intercede—I shall be murdered—

Charles. Come, noble Captain—spare the bastedo—this once—here, down on your knees, fir, and beg pardon—

Cond. Oh! Christ—I can't stand—(*knells*)—fir—I vow—I swear—I repent—all a damn'd lie—do so no more—upon my soul—while the world stands—

Capt. D. Then this once y're off, do ye see—but if ever I must come again, by Jafus, I'll kill ye first—and ye shall run the gauntlet after—Goodday, gentlemen—goodday— (*Exit.*)

Ruf. Poor martyr to truth and moderation!—what a furious hot-headed Irishman was this!—Are ye somewhat easier now?—

Cond.

Cond. Oh! curse that murd'rous villain!—'tis a bloody nation—but damages, gentlemen—I'll have heavy damages—Oh! L—— Oh! L——

Charles. I fear, sir, you have all the damages you are likely to gain—I would advise——

Enter LADY LOUISA LOVELY *and* LADY BELMONT.

Lady L. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, which of you is the conductor?

Cond. Madam—it is I—these are only the proprietors—What is your pleasure, madam?—

Lady L. Sir, I am *Lady Louisa*—and this is my cousin, LADY BELMONT—How could you, Mr. Editor, insert that cruel libel on my character, about a footman!—Oh! sir, you have ruined my peace for ever—

Cond. I beg your ladyship a thousand pardons—But, madam, truth will out—and the public will have it—The quarter from whence the intelligence came, so unquestionable—even specious as your ladyship's former life had been—But the love of truth will force even candour to speak out—Heigh, gentlemen?—

Charles. Certainly—surely—(*aside*) D—— this villain—I wish the Irishman had murder'd him.

Lady L. Sir, from *what* quarter—who, whence—

Cond. No less, my lady, than the *very man* himself—he got a friend to *write* it—made his own *mark* at the bottom—and brought it to me, with a shilling—

'Tis

'Tis some where *here now*, madam—*Written evidence*
—strong—very strong—but facts, you know, gentlemen?—

Ruf. True, sir, facts are *stubborn things*—If countesses *will* forget themselves—

Lady L. Upon my honour, gentlemen, I never saw the man—he was underling to the second groom—a reprobate—a profligate—I had never known of his being in our service—but that my lord informed me of his being dismiss'd for brutal cruelty to the horses—the next night a stable was burnt down—and every reason to think this wretch the incendiary—he was thrown into the county jail—and begg'd off, upon condition of transporting himself for life—instead of which—

Cond. Madam, madam, all this sounds very well—but you must excuse me—I must do justice to the public, gentlemen—

Ruf. Certainly, certainly, sir—you are the very model of honour and humanity—

Lady B. Alas! my ill-fated cousin—no mercy is to be found here—

Lady L. Let me entreat you, for my infant's sake, sir—his head must be loaded with his mother's unmerited disgrace—Either suppress the paragraph—or give the world your evidence—A prosecution, sir—

Cond. Will do you little service, madam—only so far as to circulate the event still farther—If I should

be cast, I can bear confinement—and fear no pillory:
—Had I a good round sum, indeed—Heigh—gentlemen—10*l.* or so?—

Ruf. 10*l.*? D— the fool—ask 50*l.*

Lady L. By your exterior, sir, you should be a gentleman—I have a brother, sir, who wears a sword. He, with the accidental assistance of one Captain Ruffel—Why do you colour, sir?—

Ruf. Go on, madam—

Lady L. These two, sir, rescued a poor girl, Julia Rivers, from the clutches of five modern banditti called men of fashion—

Charles. (*Aside*) Why, you dog, you never told me that—

Ruf. (*Aside*) Hold your tongue, babbler—

Lady L. Whisper as you please, gentlemen—either of these brave men would make you both tremble—

Ruf. Madam—I know that Ruffel—and think little of this boasted achievement—I shall dine with him this very day—

Lady L. False and insidious you belye him—he is a real gentleman—we expect to see him soon—

Ruf. Madam, I am as much a gentleman as he—but become proprietor of a paper, I must act in character—If the noble Earl has any demand on me—a bullet or a sword—are at his service—Am I right, Mr. Editor?

Lady L. Is it possible?—Thou fiend!—thou assassin!—what! blacken my reputation!—dishonour, and
(*couldst*)

(*couldst* thou do it?) disinherit my first-born—and murder my husband. There, editor—there's your gold. close your lips in everlasting silence—and G—shew you the mercy you withheld from me—

(*Going.*)

Lady B. Stay, Louisa—let me speak—or rather one of you, gentlemen—look this paragraph o'er—we retire—

Charles. (*reading*) “Belmont—heir—too late”—Damnation!—I refer it to you, HOWARD—I'll join the ladies—

Ruf. (*Reads*) “Noble family of Belmont—at last
“—son and heir—late election—ladyship went into the
“Black Horse alehouse—invited—back-room—brutal
“landlord followed—looked sour—handkerchief in mouth
“—servants broke in—too late—a fine boy”—

Hell and the devil—what an envenom'd lie!—and did you actually insert this?—

Cond. O yes, sir—but not till I had sent an anonymous note to Lord Belmont—that for a little hush-money left at this office—but his gentleman called the next day—with his lordship's compliments—and request, “that I would never spare him, or his friends.”—

Ruf. But the lady was all the last summer at DUBLIN.—

Cond. Yes, sir—but all the world did not know that—

Ruf. Pray, Mr. Editor—step this way—a word with you—

G

Charles.

Charles. (*Advancing*) And I entreat your ladyships would excuse the seemingly brutal conduct we have been forced to adopt—that we might effectually expose so unequal'd a scene of villainy—When we have completely effected this, that *demon* shall refund—and meet his deserts—

Lady L. RUSSEL, did you say Mr. Hartley?—
What of the guards?

Charles. Yes, madam—and Miss Russel, the captain's sister (a very amiable and accomplished young lady) and my own sister—have equally suffered from this benevolent gentleman.—I would advise Lady Belmont (if I might take the liberty) to offer 50*l.* for appearances—I will certainly forward both in the morning—If your ladyship has not as much with you, my pocket-book, madam, is entirely at your disposal—And I beg, that neither of the high and accomplished characters before me, will ever again suffer their sensibility to feel one moment's pain, from calumny so contemptible.

Lady B. Well, Louisa, what a dagger has this taken from my heart!!!—I accept the loan, Mr. Hartley, on condition, that you and the captain bring the ladies to dinner, in BERKLEY-SQUARE, to-morrow—

Charles. Your ladyship does us great honour—

(*Bowing.*)

Lady B. And if a regiment, sir, will please your friend, why be that my concern—and as to yourself,

I at

I at present say nothing—O, yes—here, Louisa, present we our princely hands to our champion here, the KNIGHT of the NEWS-OFFICE;—as a pledge of the gratitude we old married women are capable of—

Charles. (*Bowing upon their hands.*) Ladies, your condescension in acknowledging what was merely *selfish* in us—

RUSSEL and CONDUCTOR advance.

Cond. Why, Mr. Loyal, you are a happy man!—Fair ladies hands, indeed—take care what I say to-morrow—this will *sell* in the FIREBRAND—

Charles. Yes, editor—and that lady also has a fifty bank for you—and, as a bribe to the captain, he may solicit the honour of Lady Louisa's hand to her carriage—while I beg leave to attend Lady Belmont—

Lady L. Mr. Merey (*to CONDUCTOR*) adieu, adieu, humanity—be as happy as ye deserve—

(*Ironically.*)

Lady B. And, sir—here's my courtesy—I hope soon to hear of you in Berkley-square—The next line you draw up for me will be more *favourable*, I hope—

Cond. Madam—ladies—don't mention it—you are heartily welcome—Depend upon it, I'll never—

(*Exeunt.*)

(*sits down*)—fail to do the same the first opportunity—“Next line?”—What's that? A card to dinner, perhaps;—d— it—that's good—Egad, she's a fine woman—and certainly *smil'd* as she went out—If my

lord should be *out*—can't tell—what may *happen*—
 less likely things happen every day—But, as CHARLES
 says, “*I am no Joseph*.”—Damn that furious Irish-
 man, with his brogue, and shillaleigh—I wish he
 was up to the neck in one of his own bogs—and that
 other lunatic devil too—and his squawling kitten—
 by Jove, I'd give a limb to ram it down his gullet—
 but come—not always on the dark side—good job
 to-day—a clear 100—Now, to think of refunding
 this to my damn'd penurious editor!—quite against
 the grain—let me see—I'll swear 'twas only fourscore
 —these are gentlemen—I won't *blab*—Come—as to
 the countess and her gold—“*Faint heart never won*—

Enter CHARLES and RUSSEL.

Ruf. (Infernal villains!)—Ah! Mr. Editor—
 you are really a very great man—quite a genius,
 Mr. Loyal?—

Charles. Indeed, I think so—and by no means
 intend to leave the house till I have devised some
proof of my acknowledgment—

Cond. Gentlemen, you are very obliging—I shall
 be happy to serve you—with my poor abilities—
 This is what we call *INK-MAKING*;—that is—

Enter Mr. MODEST.

Mod. (*Whispers.*) Gentlemen, which is the con-
 ductor?—which is—

Ruf. Don't tremble so, sir—compose your spirits
 —We are the proprietors—What's the matter?—

Mod.

Mod. (*Whispering.*) Then, gentlemen, here's the ten guineas you require—and fifty to them sooner than my name—

Charles. Why, what upon earth can this mean? Ten guineas, and fifty more—Explain, Mr. Editor—explain—

Cond. Sir—how—can I—if I know nothing—Ask the gentleman—Ha, ha, ha!—

Mod. Why, sirs, you certainly know;—this letter directs me to your office—excuse my speaking—look at it—

Ruf. With your leave, sir—(*reads*)—“*To Mr. MODEST—Sir—You walk occasionally in an evening—and alone—in the Park—Now, if you do not leave ten guineas at the Firebrand-office, I'll charge you*”—Gracious G—! was ever such infernal malice!—Mr. Modest, keep your gold—there's the letter, in a thousand atoms—fear nothing—but do me the favour to call at this address to-morrow at ten—Good evening, sir—

Mod. Sir, good evening—But do not deceive me I would not for the whole world—

Charles. Good evening, sir— (*Exit Modest,* Why, Editor, are you at the bottom of this?—

Cond. Sir—till we have sign'd and seal'd—I cannot say any thing—I am upon honour—“*But such things are*”—That's a NOTORIETY—and indeed—consider, sir, the times are bad—What can be so bad as the times?—Yet what can you expect? The purer the ermin, the more it dreads dirt thrown at it
by

by its pursuers—This branch of the trade, I was going to say, we call INK-MAKING—

Enter FIERCE.

Fierce. Pray, editor, how came you to have the impudence—ha! indeed—Good bye, sir— (*Escapes.*)

Cond. Most astonishing this—I never saw the like—

Charles. (*Aside.*) *Russel, do you know who that is?*—

Ruf. (*Aside.*) No, 'faith.—How should I?

Charles. (*Aside.*) *Why, do you remember hearing of a rascal that I fought and can'd for you?* Pray, editor, did not that man get a paragraph inserted once for a *Mrs. Lively?*—

Cond. The very same, sir—But why should you—

Enter SCHEME.

Cond. Well, Scheme—what new?—Another infallible plan for paying the national debt without expence to the public?—

Sch. No, sir—no success; I am come to borrow a shilling—I wrote to Mr. Pitt, “condoling with him
“on the misfortune of a frozen constitution—and offering,
“for 300l. a-year and a girl, to give him the reputation
“of keeping her—and finding the READY myself”—

Ruf. Generous man—ha, ha, ha—and what answer?—

Sch. Sir, the foolish boy, with his usual hauteur, never answered my line—I'll expose him in the FIREBRAND to-morrow:—for incapacity—

Charles,

Charles. Well, fir, there's a shilling—Any thing more?

Sch. Sir, I wrote to Charles, threatening to cut him up as a gambler, unless he sent me 100*l*.—But I suppose he put the letter with other parliamentary papers; as I have heard nothing from him.—I have also an easy means of re-conquering America—and of effecting a total reversion of the new French constitution—and a counter-revolution in Poland—But you'll excuse me, gentlemen—secrets are a man's own property—though, for a guinea a-piece—

Ruf. Really, Mr. Scheme, I have so poor a comprehension—

Charles. And I, fir, so little leisure—Good day, fir—

(Pushes him out.)

Sch. Gentlemen, your most obedient—

Enter PUFF.

Cond. This, gentlemen, is Mr. PUFF.—Why in a black robe, Mr. Puff?

Puff. Why, fir, that wretch, Sheridan, has cut up our line altogether—no chance—that damn'd critic, a Tragedy Rehears'd, has done the business—for now, both houses order three places to be left, gratis, in the one-shilling gallery, for THESPIS, the DRAMATIC CENSOR, &c.—so as to insure applause; and now every paper equally vaunts the HAY-MARKET and COVENT-GARDEN—But, fir, I'll lampoon them all—with their managers, actors, &c. *(Exit. Ruf.)*

Ruf. Why, Mr. Editor, you have a great variety of hands—

Cond. Sir, it is unavoidable—We have two more, whom I much wish you to see—Oh! here's one—

Enter DARK.

Dark. Pray, Mr. Editor, why am I to be turn'd off? I have ventur'd more than any body for you—I assisted in the famous AMSTERDAM Gazette, that cleared the brokers so many thousands: I drew up Lord G. Gordon's *hand-bill*, in the year 80; and carried the others to BIRMINGHAM in July last; though the ungrateful Doctor never propos'd even a medallion, to reward me—

Ruf. How neglected is real merit—Why drawn with a torch in your hand, Mr. Dark—and flames on the reverse, would be prophetic of your future lot—

Dark. I sent out the fleet to attack France, and *poisoned* their queen;—I supported some things for WITHERS, poor devil:—I now write in most of the papers—and carry Peter Pindar's Poems to Press—and after all—

Cond. Well, sir—have patience—These gentlemen may, perhaps, employ you—

Dark. Gentlemen, I'll go to the *devil* for you—I'll—

Charles. Not quite so far, Mr. Dark—as we should not wish to follow you—But here's half-a-crown earnest—any specimen?—

Dark.

Dark. O yes, fir—I took SERINGAPATAM for Lord Cornwallis, six weeks since—and raised India Stock surprisngly; this paragraph whips him back to BANGALORE, and destroys his army—Thank you, fir— (Exit.)

Cond. Sir, between ourselves, he has cheated you—a d—'d bite—This latter business is already out—seven and nine per cent. fell directly—Where can that Stab be?—he's the best of all—

Ruf. But pray, fir, how do you contrive to fill up the whole of a paper?—So much matter, and four folio pages every day?—

Cond. Sir, it is very difficult—But here is one, for instance, the Times, Nov. 7; the first and last sides are advertisements; then the first column (and if possible, the second of the next page), with court news; or if none, foreign advices, twice a-week;—the third and fourth columns, satire on the public and the three princes, on individuals, families, opposition, &c.—the two remaining, with the Old Bailey, and trials for rape, with patticular murders, picking of pockets, the theatre—If hard push'd, Joe Miller *redivivus*, extracts, and poetry, at so much a score lines—and quite at a *non plus*, we write letters to ourselves, and receive them per penny-post; *i. e.* “thanks, admiration, infinite superiority, universal sale, and immortality.”—This is, however, stale—and only in extremity.—

H

Charles.

Charles. But, sir, as to FOREIGN advices—what correspondence have you?

Cond. Why, sir—in AMSTERDAM, we have a Jew broker—and at PARIS, a very useful hand—an English refugee—he reads all the French papers at a Coffee house, for nothing—besides what he overhears at the Palais-Royal;—and sends it by the diligence, with his own additions, in about five days;—the post will sometimes bring it in four; and once in three months, some English traveller comes post—We hire his valet to put it in the seat, at bottom; get it in the paper (perhaps) the third morning—and tell the public we had it express—

Charles. Then, sir, would not one authentic and very expeditious paper daily from Paris, convey foreign intelligence far more successfully—and gratify the public curiosity more satisfactorily?

Cond. G—God, sir, you make my heart sink—The whole thirteen would join against that—

Ruf. But, Mr. Editor—as to FAMILIES and INDIVIDUALS? For you sometimes happen to make people do and say things they never knew of, till seen in your paper—The Duke of Bedford was very loud about ESCAPE—unluckily he was NOT at New-Market;—Dr. PRIESTLEY absolutely guilty of high-treason at Birmingham—only not present from first to last—The court we suppose you hear of in the old channel—But we are told, his M——y has justly discarded several pages since that devil, Withers;—

Now,

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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Now, sir, as to private families, and what we call insidious occurrences?—

Cond. Why, sir, by means of footmen and chamber-maids, when out of place; (sometimes, if they speak bold, we get them a new one;) waiters, also, at taverns; hair-dressers, milliners, and even midwives and nurses;—(these latter make such damnable mistakes, especially when a little tipsy, that they are not perfectly authentic;)—besides, when nothing occurs, ambiguity and *impudendo* must do—“A certain gentleman—a certain lady—not far from—last night—but we conceal the rest—and various other means!—

Ruf. But, sir, as to poetry?—

Cond. Poor laureat, sir, is ready, indeed;—but that epigrams, odes, and translations from the Latin—but rehearsing a Pindaric late last night, for the world, on Fox's being drawn by asses at York, rather too loud, he was apprehended, as being deranged—and I have not had time—There—there comes Mr. Stab—

Enter ENSIGN STAB.

(*Aside.*) This (*entre nous*) is he that wrote to Mr. Modest—and about the two countesses—he's the INK-MAKER.

Ruf. Damn him, Charles, I'll cane him to death—

(*Aside.*)

Charles. Wait, and try him first—I'm sure he's no officer—

(*Aside.*)

H 2

Cond.

Cond. Well, Mr. Stab, any thing new?

Stab. Sir, give me a subject—and see—

Ruf. Something, sir, on a LIEUT. HARTLEY—he was the first man that jump'd on board the VILLE DE PARIS—

Stab. “The public are strangely deceived in Lt. C—H—the first week he was a-board, he was whip'd for stealing the admiral's rum—his fame on the 12th of April was yet higher—When DE GRASSE had struck, the young hero was ordered down into the cabin, to carry instructions to Hood. Chests, ham-mocks, and hen-coops, were searched in vain: suddenly he popt up his head from the COOK's COPPER, swearing that he got in for a supply of powder, and that the lid fell down upon him”—

Charles, Ruf. and Cond. Ha, ha, ha—then you know the party, sir—

Stab. Never, gentlemen—never heard his name before—But I can do any thing off hand—

Charles. And pray, sir, a hit at a Captain Ruffel of the guards, who fought at YORK-TOWN, in America—and attended LORD CORNWALLIS to India—

Stab. “Captain R—, at the defeat of York-town, exhibited such an active celerity in flight, that the Americans nick-named him “Capering Captain—He was lately sent back from Calcutta, for being caught in bed with his corporal's wife”—

All. Ha, ha, ha—

Cond. I am thinking, Mr. Stab, how pleasant it would be, if we had these two gentlemen here—

Ruf.

Ruf. Oh! very pleasant!—*exquisite!*—how Mr. Stab would *stare*—

Stab. No, sir, I am master of the sword—and have kill'd my man—so care for no one—

Ruf. Charles—a word with you—(*aside*, shall we question him further—and fill up the measure of his iniquities?—The boatswain's ready—I heard him whistle)—

Charles. (*Aside.* Aye, damn him, do)—Pray, Mr. Stab—have you nothing *novel*—great—a masterpiece?—

Stab. Sir, I think I have—or my hand is sadly out;—you read, gentlemen, what I wrote a good while since, about the Russian ambassador—and lately of the Lord Lieutenant and a certain law lady;—the cleverest of all, was charging administration with delaying intelligence, to give time to their agents, &c.—But I'll strike out something new;—will you have it on a young lady?—I saw one get out of her carriage just now—a Miss Ruffel—I instantly started an idea—

Charles. (*Aside.*) Ruffel, stop him—By G—, I shall forget myself!—

Ruf. No, Mr. Stab—something *public*, national, general—that the Prince is dead—Duke and Dutchess of York drowned—Fox going to Russia—change administration—and so forth—

Stab. Sir—for a guinea, to hire a riding-dress, &c. I'll fit ye—

Charles.

Charles. There it is—Now, Stab—*deep*, my lad—cut and thrust—What is it?—

Stab. Sir—here is a letter, dated Jamaica—I'll to Loyd's; swear that the *BONAVENTURE* drove into Bristol, from stress of weather, last night; that the captain sent me express immediately—and ordered me to *PITT* this morning—

Ruf. And what's to be the purport of the letter?

Stab. That the negroes are risen, the plantations burnt;—the inhabitants all massacred;—except the women, who are happy in the arms of the slaves!—*Lord Effingham* fled;—and all the other islands just breaking out—

Charles. (G— in heaven!!!—*aside*) and no compunction, *here*, Mr. Stab, for the many broken hearts, family-distresses, universal alarm, anxiety of the court, and panic of the nation?—

Stab. Sir, public calamity and private distresses are the food of paper-paragraphists—

Ruf. Then, sir, you take your leave of them for ever—if this good sword fail me not—Draw, demon—

(*Fight, and disarms him.*)

Now, sir, I arrest you for defamation, libel, perjury, and, I hope, *treason*—at least, seven years in Newgate, and security for good behaviour through life, will rob the serpent of his sting—Come in, Mr. Sheriff's officer—

Enter

Enter Officer, &c.

There's your prisoner—

Charles. And, Boatwain, *here*—conduct the worthy editor on board our ship—after he has refunded two 50*l.* notes.—Much as I detest pressing, this once I rejoice in it— *(Exeunt.)*

Well, now, Russel, I think we have done the business completely—now for a cheerful evening—

I won't fail to meet poor MODEST to-morrow—and from him to Lady Louisa Lovely and Lady Belmont.

Our sisters, I know, will accompany us.—

(Exeunt.)

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, A Parlour.

CHARLES and MANLY.

MANLY.

VERY fair retaliation, indeed—and how are the vagrants to-day, Charles?—

Charles. Why, fir, the Newgate bird made a desperate attempt on the constable—and AKERMAN clapp'd him into irons—so he can't STAB—and a midshipman call'd to tell me, that the press'd gentleman seem'd not to know how to CONDUCT himself in his new OFFICE; he was very bitter against his new EDITOR, myself, for PLACING him there—till the dread of a cat-o'-nine-tails CORRECTED his STYLE—

Manly. Ha, ha, ha—admirable, indeed—But the original editor does not get off, I hope?—

Charles. He! hang him, poor dog—he has three indictments against him for libels before—two years in a jail will help to reform him—especially—

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Scruple, sir—

Manly. Mr. Scruple?—Oh! shew him up—

(Exit Ser.)

Charles. Who is he, Uncle?—

Manly. I am not quite sure of the man—but I remember once sending him a trifle in distress, if it be the same—

Enter SCRUPLE.

Ser. Mr. Manly, I suppose, and the younger Mr. Hartley—

Charles and Manly. Sir—your most obedient—

Ser. I come, gentlemen, as far as is possible to atone for the injuries done to Captain Russel and his amiable sister—

Charles and Manly. Injuries, sir?—

Ser. Yes, gentlemen—I will explain myself in few words—I blush to think of the disgraceful connection I have so long continued with Mr. Bramble, agent and attorney for them both.—Suffice it, that my tongue, my pen, my evidence, my oath, have been entirely at his disposal—I have softened the darkest transactions of his conduct.—News-papers, pamphlets, and every resource in my power, were employed in his defence.—While under the assumed austerity of stern integrity—his heart has been as rotten as his bones will be hereafter—

Manly. Pray go on, sir—

I

Ser.

Scr. The late Captain Ruffel, fir, who died at Bengal, had remitted over large sums from time to time—to be invested in the funds by Mr. Bramble, for the use of his nephew and niece :—so they were ; —but more than one half in his own name—and, of course, at his disposal.—The Captain's real property is 9,500*l.* sterling—Miss Maria's, 8,000—besides the interest for nine years—Mrs. Johanna Ruffel having charged herself with the expences of their education, out of the annuity, which ceases at her own death.

Manly. Pray what vouchers have you of this, Mr. Scruple ?—

Scr. I called yesterday morning, fir—tax'd him strongly with his designs upon the fortune of the two orphans—he vowed his good intentions—when we were suddenly interrupted—he gave me, as usual, the key to his confidential closet, into which I only, and a Mr. HARPY, are ever admitted—On his desk lay this line—Accidentally I was struck by seeing my own name—I presumed to read it, and most providentially it was I did.—I then laid it down, took a book, and appeared unconcerned on his coming in—

Manly. Read it, Charles—

Charles. (*Reads.*)

“ Dear fir—

“ Thanks for your diligence—Have realiz'd all
“ in foreign bills—and sold out from funds the
“ 6,500*l.* of Ruffel's, and the 5,000*l.* of his sister's,
“ which I had received of their uncle, but vested in
“ my own name.—Will send that pitiful wretch,

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“ SCRUPLE,

"SCRUPLE, with this and the box, &c. to your own
 " hands to-morrow evening.—Be punctual to ten—
 " An exprefs is gone to DOVER, to order four horses
 " all the way.—If any thing occurs, will add it in
 " the morning.—Be sure to soothe and flatter
 " Scruple.— (interrupted.)

" P. S. I trust you have well informed yourself
 " of the route to NAPLES—

" Mr. HARRY, Attorney."

Manly. What measures did you take, Mr. Scruple?

Scr. Sir, I hastened to Mr HARRY—was convinced that he was in Gloucestershire—to receive the purchase of his late estate;—and could not return till this evening.—I went to a magistrate—procured two writs—and planted four sheriff's officers round the house of each of the two worthies—to prevent escape—and called on Mr. Bramble, by his appointment, this morning.—He told me with a specious air, that "all the affairs of the Russels were in a train;—that he should soon devote the remainder of life to retirement and atonement for the past."—

Charles. I am almost afraid to ask you to go on, sir—

Scr. And requested me to convey one more paragraph to all the papers—"We hear, that A. BRAMBLE, Esq. after a fatiguing and most useful life, now

" *propose, the OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE, honourable
and peaceful retirement* *."

Charles. I fear he imposed upon himself—harden'd
and obdurate villain!—

Scr. I will finish, sir—After many smooth pro-
mises for myself, I was entrusted with the letter and
trunk—which are safe at my house.—I then sent in
the arrest—with an explanatory message.—In an agony
he wrote instantly, to request permission to retire to
a remote country, upon condition of his fully satis-
fying every creditor and client, in their every de-
mand—and provided he be not exposed.—Otherwise,
he would throw himself into the Fleet, and set all at
defiance.—

Charles. Uncle, how shall we acknowledge this
service of Mr. Scruple?—

Scr. Service, sir?—Alas!—it was Mr. Manly
who sent me the 50*l.* note, when in confinement,
Mr. Bramble delivered it as from himself—and, find-
ing that I had education, and, as he said, some ta-
lents, bribed me into his service.—Gratitude, ne-
cessity, and a beloved, perishing family, are strong
arguments, gentlemen!—you can never experience
them—but I never knew my real benefactor till this
day—when this unhappy man informed me—There-
fore, what I have done for Captain Ruffel, was merely

* " And that which should accompany old age,

" As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, &c."

MR. ACKBETH.

an effort of a long-suffering conscience—but the future is mine—and penury and indigence are better than inward misery—

Manly. Confide, entirely in my protection, Mr. SCRUPLE, and in Ruffel's gratitude.—Go, sir, and tell the wretch, “that we will CONSIDER,—but that if he attempt any thing unfair, he may expect the very worst—I'll lay it all before the LORD CHANCELLOR, at Dulwich, as Maria is not yet of age—and well may this hoary delinquent tremble—

Ser. As you think best, sir—I will go to him—prevent all intercourse—and expect your orders—
Gentlemen, your servant— (Exit.)

Manly. Well, Charles—recover your spirits, boy—you looked paler, I believe, than on the 12th of April—

Charles. Indeed sir, I felt as a friend, for RUSSEL—he should (heaven be my witness!) have shared a shilling, while I had one—but so well I know, the delicacy, and the pride of Maria's spirit, that nothing would have induced her to be mine, while she thought herself destitute of fortune—

Manly. But, firrah—there's a remedy for most things—I vowed when the poor fellow began his tale, to adopt Maria and Ruffel as my children—and keeping 1000*l.* per annum, for myself, for life; have disinherited you and Charlotte, by marrying you to 2000*l.* a year, each—“Pride” quotha;—“MARIA'S pride”—dam'me sir—I like her the better, and—if ever—you ill-use her, Charles—
zounds—

zounds—when you come next—to see me—I'll collar ye, ye dog—and *thus, out, out, rascal*—Let us seek them—

Charles. Ha, ha, ha, when I do, fir— (*Exit.*

S C E N E, *A Drawing-Room.*

LORD and LADY BELMONT, LADY LOUISA LOVELY, CHARLOTTE, MARIA, and RUSSEL.

Rus. Indeed my Lord, you would not talk of obligations if you had heard the unfeeling language, with which I seconded Mr. Conductor—against their Ladyships.

Lady B. But, Captain, I did not spare you, I believe—*cowardice, murder, and cruelty to women, are harsh terms* to a soldier like yourself.

Lord B. We excuse you R.—had you said much more—policy—*stratagems* in war you know;—and equally diverted and happy I am, that the secret visit of these injured fair, to the castle of the Black Art, was so successful;—though half angry when I first knew of it.—I had *heard* of the spells of the enchanter—and knew he could alarm *only* anxious sensibility—and the extreme delicacy of female honour;—contempt and pity, are the magic, but *infallible* ring prescribed by the benevolent fairy, PRUDENCE—and—

Lady L. L. True my Lord, but I have heard, that a certain *confidence* and implicit reliance on the
vir-

virtues of that charm, are essential to its effect—without which firmness—

Lady B. Well, Louisa, thanks to these gallant knights, the very cavern of the magician is explored, and his infernal incantations, at an end—

Servant enters.

Ser. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley—

Lord B. Madam—your most obedient—Mr. Hartley, welcome;—Lady Lovely, madam—Lady Belmont—these gentlemen, I presume, are not strangers—

Lady B. You are most welcome, madam—you know the history of our adventurers—the downfall of the necromancer—the dispersion of his imps—and—

Lady L. L. Now, Mr. Hartley—you *have* some discernment;—or *have had* I am sure—(Mrs. Hartley for evidence;—)—now sir, don't you think, that Capt. Ruffel was *more* struck by the charms of those eyes, (*pointing to Charlotte*), than intimidated by all the *Demons* he encountered?

Mr. Hart. Why madam—I'm a plain man—I cannot say—let Ruffel speak for himself,—but I know if I were twenty years younger, I should pray for a shield against *those* of your ladyship—heigh Ruffel?—

Lady B. Take care, take care, Captain—remember—*who* is present,—if you *can* compliment, another—

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. A Mr. Swift, my Lord, asks anxiously for Capt. Ruffel—He must see him instantly?

Capt. R. See me; I attend him—you'll excuse my Lord—

Lady B. No, sir,—that you shall *not*—bid him come up. The ladies are all *hurried* you see—your yesterday's achievement, they fear, I know, may have *consequences*—and now it is my turn—

Enter Mr. SWIFT.

Swift. Captain Ruffel—one word—only one—

Lord B. Not *one* sir,—I am master of this house—and *this* young gentleman, shall be a younger brother—

Swift. My Lord—I have only orders to deliver this into the captain's hands—and to retire— *(Exit.*

Ruf. My Lord—if you insist—ladies—you will have the goodness to excuse me— *(opens the letter.*

Lady L. L. *(Aside to Charlotte)* Some imprisoned fair, my Lord—for a thousand pounds—some *Ar-mida*, that claims her *Rinaldo*—some princess—

Ruf. Heaven and earth !!!—

All. What's the matter—Captain—speak—what's the matter—

Lady B. *(Aside)* Fie, Charlotte—my salts—Now give them to Maria—be *calm*, my loves—

Lord

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. 65

Lord B. Suffer me Ruffel—as a friend to see—

HA— (reads.)

Ruf. Oh! my Maria—~~all~~ is over—but I am your brother still—our agent is gone off—our little fortune is—

Mr. Hart. Good—y—Ruffel, what do you mean by this?—sirrah—I ever loved you till now—get away fir—take you care of Charlotte; but my dear child, MARIA—look at your *father* child;—(Dam's Hartley, support your daughter)—ladies, ladies, for the love of G—recover her—Where's that block-head CHARLES now—out of the way when his mistress is ill!—a dog—I'll cut him off—

Lord B. Come, come—good folks—cheer up—Mrs. Hartley, honour me with a moment's audience—

Ruf. (To Charlotte.) Oh! Miss Hartley—this is indeed a struggle—but honour, pride, and even the love I bear you, will decide—sometimes remember Ruffel—and now my sister, Maria—let us support this reverse;—let us be comforted my Maria—I am still your brother—and your guardian—my sword shall open our way, my love—Cornwallis, feeling, as he's generous and brave—We will to INDIA together—

Mr. Hart. Why, you young dog, what do you mean? Get away, fir—lean on your father, Molly—If he offers to take you, CHARLES shall fight them. And egad I'll be his *second*—A barbarous hard-hearted Turk.—Here, Charlotte, call him off—call him off, when I bid you, d'ye see—

K

Lord B.

Lord B. Russel, my dear Russel—be *calm*—hear me—This day I have been at the WAR-OFFICE—All will soon be settled—your gallant services in the late war—

Mr. Hart. My Lord—my Lord—don't *affront* me—you don't *mean* it!!—this Molly is *mine*—and, if the Captain pleases, I'll have *another* son—but let his proud heart speak—If my Charles does but one moment *vary*—that moment—

Enter MANLY and CHARLES.

Manly. Ladies, and my Lord—your servant—How now—

Charles. My Maria—what is this?—If you own me as faithful and sincere, tell me—Charlotte, what's the matter?—

Mr. Hart. Matter, sir!—Why, here's Russel going to India, to leave us—because Old Bramble—

Manly. Well then, my dear Russel, no more of these tragedy faces—All's safe—Mr. SCRUPLE has done all—your fortune near four times what you thought it—Come, come, now, dear good folks all, be seated—All's well that ends well—

Ruf. Mr. Manly—I *cannot* thank you—My Lord, your generosity, your goodness, shall *never* be forgotten—But, madam, what shall I say to you and Mr. Hartley—

Mr. Hart. Say?—D—— it, what's *soon* said—Say, that you'll be *good* to my Charlotte—and give me Maria for my boy—

Lady B.

Lady B. My dear Maria and Charlottes, in pity to you, I change the subject—

Lord B. But not till I have engaged these DE LA MANCHAS, to honour our sovereign castle with their presence—when each fair Dulcinea—has at length yielded to their vows—

Manly. But, my Lord—one more achievement still remains; no very perilous adventure—One hour this evening—and Hartley and I will join them—

Lady L. Go, then—but not till after dinner—ye bold compeers—and ye brave veteran knights—succour your redoubted friends—and to-morrow shall a festive banquet be provided at our humble cottage—and my Lord will be return'd to welcome you—

Lady B. Mad Cap—but I'll be there, if Lord Belmont assent—mean time, let us see if our roof affords any viands—Mr. Hartley, lead the way with me—Mr. Manly, escort Louisa—My Lord will attend Mrs. Hartley—and, ye daring adventurers, guard each his respective fair!!!—Follow, follow—

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, A Garret in the OTTOMAN*.

Writers, &c.

Chairman. Gentlemen all—silence—to order—At the last meeting, some important regulations were

* OTTOMAN, i. e. the TURK'S HEAD, in the Strand, well known by these honourable gentlemen.

agreed to;—Mr. DEVIL, as secretary, read them to the club—

Secretary. IMPRIMIS—“It was proposed, and unanimously determined, that the members shall range themselves on the right and left of the chairman—according to their avowed political principles—Mr. TIMES heading the treasury-bench, and Mr. ARGUS the opposition—

All. Hear—hear—hear—

Sec. SECONDLY—“That to give more solemnity to the proceedings of this LITERARY SOCIETY, every individual, who either constantly writes for any paper, or can prove the insertion of various paragraphs that were his own composition, be permitted to bear the NAME of that paper; provided that he produce, before the club, the very paper in which such paragraphs were actually given to the public.”

All. Hear—hear it—

Sec. THIRDLY—“That any member who shall, after this, call another by his NICK name, as DAGGER, SNAKE, STAB, VENOM, FIEND, DIRT, &c. &c. be fined three pennyworth of crank.”

All. Hear—hear it—

Sec. ULTIMATO—“That the election of Mr. VAMP, who has now been examined in the upper garret, by a committee of two, and has been proposed at a former meeting, be finally determined—provided he give a sufficient specimen of talents, and of his zeal for the good of this society—having first deposited sixpence in the common box.”

All.

All. Hear—hear it—

Chairman. But, gentlemen all, I am requested to ask your leave for two strangers, Mr. LOYAL and Mr. HOWARD, who beg to be admitted, to be present at our debates this one evening—they talk of setting up a new paper of their own—and if they should, will engage every man amongst us to write for them—in a word, they promise to pay for all the porter, beer, grog, gin, and crank, that may be drank to-night—

All. Huzza—Aye aye, content—Hear, hear—for ever, for ever!—

Chairman. Then, DEVIL, call the gentlemen up.

(Exit Servant.)

Now, Mr. VAMP, get ready—stand on that stool, and speak to be heard—Now you turn your back on nobody—

Enter CHARLES and RUSSEL.

Ruf. *(Aside.)* Why, in the name of wonder, Charles, where are we?—In the felons ward, NEW-GATE, or on board the WOOLWICH HULKS?

Chairman. Are you all agreed?—Now then, gentlemen, come forward—Mr. Charles Loyal, take this great chair on my right—Mr. Henry Howard, this on my left—What's your liquor, gentlemen?—You'll drink the club—

Charles. Sir, I'll taste this porter—*Here's to the club; and may every member have the elevation he merits.*

All. Bravo, bravo, bravo—

Ruf.

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Ruf. Gentlemen, here's to the club; and may all soon meet the reward due to their deserts.—

All. Bravo, bravo, bravo—

Chairman. Now, gentlemen, one of you will please to give us a speech of a few minutes, expressing your high sense of the honour we have done you—

Charles. (*Starting up.*) Really, Mr. Chairman, really, sir, I am so overwhelm'd, so crush'd with this load of obligations, that I cannot speak—My worthy friend, Mr. Howard, is so ready in expression, so fluent, so full of matter, that—

Ruf. (*Aside.*) (Oh! d—— your compliments.) Mr. Chairman, I cannot suffer this excess of modesty in my learned friend, to be the means of robbing him of so great an honour.—He is literally an orator. I will not undervalue your merit, Mr. Chairman; but, except yourself, I should have judged him the properest person in the world, for Speaker to the House of Commons; had he not unfortunately disqualified himself for that station, at the time Mr. Addington was chosen, by omitting to secure a seat in that honourable House—In a word, at a city debating society, he—

Chairman. Well, gentlemen, this once, our disinterested society will excuse you—but—

Enter MORNING HERALD.

Mr. H, you are too late by ten minutes—three-pence for your fine, and take your seat—

Morn. Her.

Morn. Her. Very hard, fir—I ran all the way—and, as it poured with rain, stumbled, and fell into a kennel—

Argus. No new thing, gentlemen—the Herald is often in the dirt—

Morn. Her. Well, now, Mr. TIMES, Mr. ORACLE, and so forth—I'll join you—

Times. No, by G——, not us—White-liver'd runagate, what dost thou here?—

Morn. Her. Why, gentlemen, this is the most extraordinary language—you know I am on your side in politics, at least at present—you cannot, therefore—

Oracle. Sir, we loath, abhor, detest you—be-gone, avaunt, apostate—

Morn. Her. Mr. Chairman, I insist upon it, you call these gem'men to order—The *treasury* shall know this—

World. Sir, he is so merely a *venal* tool, and the hireling of any party, that his duplicity and meanness have brought the name of a news-paper to disgrace—we humbly recommend him to the opposition bench—

Morn. Chr. Oh! damn him—keep him among you—all of a kidney—we disown him—if he come here, I'll oust him—

All. Ha, ha, ha—

Morn. Her. Look ye, gentlemen—'foregad, I'll put up with this no longer—keep your gibes, and your

your floutings for your own blasphemous papers—
or I'll——

Chairman. Gentleman, to order—a pint's the pe-
nalty—The HERALD has, to be sure, consulted pru-
dence—but you know *humanum est errata*—Pray, Mr.
Argus——

Argus. Oh! rot him—not an inch here—I brand
him every morning as an atheistical villain—Pitt
blushes at his panegyric—and Fox's friends glory in
his abuse——

Chairman. Well, Mr. DEPUTY CHAIRMAN—
admit him by you—on the left there——

Enter COURIER DE LONDRES, and others.

Cour. de Lond. He bien—me voila mes enfans—
ou voilez vous que je me place——

All. Sir!!!—— (*Staring.*)

Cour. de Lond. Messieurs, je vous demande, ou
en veut que je me place——

Argus. (*Aside.*) Speak to him, Chairman, in
his own lingo—D—— it, why don't you jabber to
the gentleman?——

Charles and Ruf. Ha, ha, ha——

Chairman. Oh! rat it—I speak no French—I ran
away from school at fourteen——

Argus. Well, but where's TRANSLATOR?—He
can answer him—he was a hair-dresser at PARIS——

Times. Sir, he's in the debtor's ward at Newgate—
But can't Secretary do?—OLD NICK, try to under-
stand him——

Ser.

Sec. Parlie, parlie, Monsieur, dittez vous—dittez vous—

Cour. de Lond. Pardi—Monsieur—je demande mille fois, ou je dois m'affcois—

Sec. Sir, I can't understand him—

Ruf. I beg pardon for laughing, Mr. Chairman, but I believe the gentleman asks, "*Where he's to sit?*"—

Times. Why, as he's a foreigner, behind, to be sure, among the three day's evening, and county journals—or opposite to the APOSTATE—I wish they were both broiling in —

Ruf. Là, Monsieur, s'il vous plait—

Racing Calendar. And pray, gentlemen, where am I to be?—

Argus. Why, thou notorious *Black-legs*, would'st thou dare to rank among us?—

Rac. Cal. Why, fir, had you the spirit of a blood, or the breeding of a colt, I should be *next* the chair.

Chairman. Mr. Calendar, go behind—there—beyond the Herald—Gentlemen, gentlemen, order—Mr. Vamp, now begin—

Charles. I humbly beg permission of the honourable club, to propose queries occasionally, when I want explanation—

Chairman. Certainly, fir—either you, or Mr. Howard—whatever questions you please—But, bless me, where's St. James's, the General Evening, Loyd, &c.

Argus. Sir, I called on one of their writers ; and when I told them of the club, and that it had met three times, he only smiled, and begged his compliments—

Times. Sir, these wretches plunder and pillage us of our best intelligence—and now they refuse to give us the meeting—but they'll be d——'d for their robberies—so that's one comfort—

Chairman. Well, gentlemen, abuse them in your respective papers as you please—But now for Mr. Vamp—Silence, all—

Vamp. (Reads.) “ The origin of news-papers “ is coeval with the world itself”—

Ruf. Pray, Mr. Chairman, were news-papers published *much* before the art of printing was discovered?—

Chairman. I believe—I believe, sir—Go on, Mr. Vamp—

Vamp. “ They are the sources of undoubted “ truth, (Hear, hear) the guardians of our laws, “ (Aye, aye) the palladium of our liberties—and “ the rights of men”—

Times. Bravo—bravo!!!—

Vamp. “ And yet the advocates of the prerogatives of kings”—

Argus. Huzza!!!—

Vamp. “ Inviolable in their adherence to facts “ alone”—

World. Encore, encore!!!—

Vamp.

Vamp. "And of disinterested confidence in political principles"—

Morn. Her. Extravaganza!!!—

Vamp. "Like their illustrious predecessors, JUVENAL and POPE"—

Charles. Pray, Mr. Chairman, of what news were Juvenal or Pope the editors?—

Chairman. Really, Mr. Loyal—this is irregular—No trivial questions—Go on, Mr. Vamp—

Vamp. "Like their illustrious predecessors, JUVENAL and POPE, they are the friends of harmony and social happiness, and the enemies of national invective, illiberal reflection, and innuendos"—

Oracle. Bravissimo!!!—

Vamp. "Such is the purity of their wit, and the delicacy of their allusions, that chastity blushes not—and the snow of innocence is not contaminated"—

All. Admiration!!!—

Vamp. "The shield of domestic tranquillity, they ward off the shafts of calumny and malice"—

Morn. Post. Excellent, excellent!!!

Vamp. "Strangers to the bitterness of party, they seek only the public good"—

Morn. Chron. A crown—a civic crown for Mr. Vamp!!!

Vamp. "No plagiarism—no fictitious intelligence—no garbling of foreign occurrences—no stale repetition of jokes—no brutal jests, at the

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“ expence of decency, honour, virtue, or the peace
“ of others”—

Argus. Mr. Vamp succeed to the chair, say I!!!

Vamp. “ Scorning to copy or to filch from one
“ another, they supply authentic news to the public,
“ and equally admire and applaud their brethren”—

All. Hear, hear, hear—

Vamp. “ The matron, the wife, or the virgin,
“ shall meet no line to wound their feelings or their
“ peace”—

All. Certainly, certainly—

Vamp. “ Who shall henceforth extol the martyr
“ in the flame, or the patriot at the stake? When
“ these heaven-born geniusses brave dangers peculiar
“ to themselves?—Which of them has not ascended
“ the pillory—or barely escap’d destruction from the
“ bludgeons of ruffians, or the swords of murderers,
“ *i. e.* furious husbands, frantic brothers, and mer-
“ ciless friends?”—

All. Glorious—wonderful—the sublime—

Oracle. Pray, sir, mention how Miss Tomboy—

Vamp. “ Who has forgotten when the shrine of
“ an ORACLE was violated by a rustic savage, in the
“ shape of Miss Tomboy; who, with Amazonian
“ barbarity, first levelled the astonished prophet to
“ the ground—and then, with the deadly horse-whip,
“ made the walls of his own temple echo to his
“ screams!—And all for a hint about high winds—
“ Atalanta, the huntress—and thick legs!—

Charles

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

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Charles and Ruf. What pathos—what a moving tale—I wonder not that the Pontiff wept—

Vamp. “Finally, who shall recount the stripes, “kicks, cuffs, pummellings, drubbings, and pump-ings, to which the gallant heroes are daily exposed?—The horrors of a BASTILE, in Newgate “—that infernal Tartarus of the inexorable *Rhadamanthus*, KENYON—or that INQUISITION, the “Fleet prison! exclusive of damnable penalties, and “(cruellest of all injustice!) the finding securities for good behaviour!”—

Ruf. Mr. Chairman, I am—in raptures—can not speak—six-pennyworth of grog—extra—to Mr. Vamp—double his dose—

All. Generous patron—Bounteous MÆCENAS!—

Vamp. Sir, I am your everlasting slave—(*Reads*) “And all for what? A little sportive play—an innocent wit—that wantons without harm—a joke, “a jest, a pun, or a merry double-entendre—An “ARGUS, vigilant and incorruptible, (*Argus bovis*) “shall answer for the veracity, the purity, and the “religion of the TIMES”—

Times. Oh dear, sir—

Vamp. “The infallible ORACLE”—

Oracle. Sir, your most obedient—

Vamp. “Shall diffuse impartiality and wit to an “enlightened WORLD”—

World. Very pretty this!—

Vamp. “A DIARY shall journalize debates”—

Diary.

Diary. Sir, you do me honour—

Vamp. “And a COMET dazzle with the lustre of
“its blaze”—

Comet. That is a very happy turn, indeed—

Oracle. Pray, sir—asking your pardon—as you
have praised most of us leading papers, whom shall
you bow to, when you compliment the CHRONICLES,
morning or evening?—

Vamp. You shall see just now!—

Argus. Peace, (*to Oracle*) blunder-headed dog—
I’ll muzzle thee—

Vamp. “As the TWINS shed their lustre with
“alternate rays, so shall the orient and the setting
“CHRONICLES register the occurrences of Europe—

Morn. and Even. Chron. Sir, you do us too much
honour—

Vamp. “The merchant will trust his LEDGER,
(*Ledger bows.*

“and the narrative of distant kingdoms shall arrive
“by a DOUBLE POST—ST. JAMES, though in
“Elysium, shall smile upon his editors”—

World. Sir, ST. JAMES is not amongst us—no
faints here—pass him over—

Vamp. “And the varying PROTÆUS of the
“ancients be revived in the MORNING HERALD—

Morn. Chron. Sir, I insist upon it, he be not
named, and that we henceforth send him to co-
ventry—

Chairman.

Chairman. Why, fir, he has never been expelled—and he pays his three-pence a-week constantly to the box—

Times. Sir, he is hollow to all, and a friend to none—

Argus. A damn'd camelion, fir; rotten both body and soul—a lobster, first *black*, then *red*, and being next *putrid*, is of *all* colours—

World. He is down, fir, in the black book, to all eternity—

Ruf. Mr. Chairman, I ask pardon—but to finish so unpleasant an altercation, let general thanks be given to Mr. Vamp—and let him be declared the very trump of fame—and the PUBLIC ADVERTISER of all—

All. Agreed—aye, aye—content—content—

Charles. And now, Mr. Chairman—if permitted—I beg leave to put *one* question or two to Mr. Vamp, to try his readiness at off-hand.—Mr. VAMP, I am in politics a *patriot*—give us something against Pitt—

Vamp. “Mr. Pitt is totally devoid of all ability, honour, and merit—he has rendered a monarch an implicit slave—the parliament, a venal, servile clan—who have sold themselves to the devil—He is—

Ruf. Enough—enough, *honest* Mr. Vamp. I am a *ministerial* man—a touch at CHARLES FOX—smart, bold, and extemporaneous—

Vamp.

Vamp. “Reynard is the infernal engine of a party—he cajoles the young nobility by his specious tongue—Like the old serpent, he glitters, hisses, and flings.”—

Charles. Now, Mr. Vamp, something a little higher—Eagles, you know, soar at the sun—

Vamp. Yes, sir—“A second sister, in a certain illustrious house, is again retired into the country, and keeps her chambers—All very NATURAL.”—

Charles. (*Aside.*) D—— this infernal villain—my blood boils—

Vamp. *Quere,* “Why does Mr. HASTINGS’s trial remain in suspense—though the arguments of the managers are so weighty and so brilliant? Because the jewels presented by his lady to a certain great personage, are far more brilliant.”—

Charles. No more—no more—good, worthy Mr. Vamp—Indeed, you are entitled to a seat among this legion of (*evil*) genii—D—— ye, sit down—

Chairman. Sit down, Mr. Vamp—sit down—the gentleman’s interested, I see—

Ruf. My friend, Mr. Chairman, was too warm—I read his conviction in his countenance—As an atonement, I humbly propose, in honour of this august, this virtuous, and scientific body—

All. Hear, hear, hear—

Ruf. But first, Mr. Chairman, a toast, if you please—

Chairman.

Chairman. Sir, the standing toast, on all occasions, is the same—Now, gentlemen, charge (those that have glasses) the rest their porter-mugs—

“TO THE ETERNAL GULLIBILITY OF JOHN BULL.”

All. Bravo, bravo—with three times three—

Oracle. Mr. Chairman, you *might* have told the gentleman, that that was *my* thought—here in my paper of November the 18th last—

Chairman. Mr. Oracle, if you thus plague us, you shall certainly be silenced.—Now, Mr. HOWARD, your offer—

Ruf. It is, sir, that 5*l.* premium shall be his, who gives the best stroke of satire on nations, parties, and the peace of individuals; most successfully attacks competitors, and rival papers; or most wittily blends obscenity, impiety, &c. &c.—Now, let every candidate hope for honour, emolument, and victory—

Charles. Provided, Mr. Chairman, that such specimen be actually, and *bonâ fide*, already given to the public, and that the paper where inserted be produc'd, and the *date* mentioned, if required—

All. Agreed—agreed—Hurra—

Chairman. Order—order—Begin, Mr. TIMES—Gentlemen both, put any queries you please—DEVIL, open the book of laws, by which these things are regulated—

Times. “The National Assembly hector, bully, utter gasconades, blasphemies, and imprecations;

M

“the

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“ the tendency of one speech, highly applauded, this
 “ day, was (as an express command) THOU SHALT
 “ KILL.—Assassination has its price at Paris, as in
 “ Italy. *Turk, Jew, infidel, black, tawney, or yellow ;*
 “ an American *savage*, or a Parisian *beau*, is a fit
 “ representative.—Owls think their young ones
 “ handsomest, and bears lick their cubs.—Does their
 “ constitution resemble the *bird*, or *beast* ? ” —

Ruf. Have you ever been in the National Assembly, Mr. Times? or have you ever lived in Paris?—

Times. Answer, Mr. Devil—

Sec. RESOLUTION 23—“ *All abuse, reflection, or*
 “ *fiction, that can be acceptable to the prejudices of the*
 “ *ignorant, or the vulgar, is justifiable, to establish a*
 “ *morning paper.* ”

Times. Are you convinced, sir?—

Ruf. I am silenced—But, upon oath, did you insert the above?—

Times. Sir, here is the very paper—October 18th, &c.—

Chairman. Mr. ORACLE, you sit next—

Oracle. “ A SCOTCH baronet has contracted with
 “ the National Assembly for so many ton of *brim-*
 “ *stone*—November the 12th. ”

Ruf. Really, sir, I must beg you to explain—

All. Ha, ha, ha!—

Oracle. Dear sir, how *ignorant* you are!—Why, there's scarce one of the club—who could not give you *ocular demonstration*—Look here, sir—I rub between

tween the fingers.—Besides, this hits *Scotland* and *France*, nationally and at once—

Charles. Howard, I blush at your dulness—Sit a little further from the chairman—

Chairman. Mr. DIARY—

Diary. “The memorable morning at *Versailles*,
“will never be forgotten—After the attendants of
“the queen had been all cut down, and murdered in
“cold blood, the bed on which she was thought to
“sleep, was stabbed through in more than fifty dif-
“ferent places”—

Ruf. Good G—d, sir—why, I was assured by one of the *guard de corps*, that all was calm, till an officer fired from the windows, and killed one of the people—and that, even then, no one ever attempted the apartment of the king.—Besides that, *LA FAYETTE* threw himself before the door of the royal apartment—and pledg’d his life—

Oracle. Bad again, Mr. Devil—

Sec. ITEM 29—“In all accounts of popular dis-
“turbances, any circumstances may be invented to
“criminate either party, according to the principles
“of the paper that gives them. For the bulk of
“the people never ask for facts—but only for such
“tragical fables as excite their feelings, and favour
“their received opinions”—

Chairman. MORNING POST—

Morn. Post. “The situation of the MINISTRY,
“with respect to foreign politics, is at present so

pitiable; as to disarm censure, and plead for compassion—September 8th.

Charles. Why, sir, whatever may be the opinion of a party, I know that (if every part of administration is not approved at home) yet our government is much respected, and its friendship courted abroad: *Prussia* has eagerly solicited alliance; *Holland* is in strict union; *Spain* is more afraid than ever; and *America* gradually forgets the injuries of war;—*France*, though anxious—

Morn. Post. Mr. Secretary, will you speak?—

Sec. ART. 14—“No morning paper ought to be moderate; if in opposition, no eminence can be expected, till conferred by a pillory”—

Chairman. *Mr. World*—

World. “The Blue and Buff party are praying for rain to stop *Cornwallis*, and”——

Ruf. Upon my word, sir, whatever be their private or personal foibles, I know not humanity more enlarged for all that lives, than the noble families of *Devonshire* and *Cavendish*, Messrs. *Fox*——

World. *Old Nick*—appear for me—

Sec. No. 40—“Nothing can be too black, brutal, or infernal, for the bold genius of a partizan to alledge”——

Charles. Come, gentlemen, enough of public and party—

Chairman. *Mr. Morning Herald*—give us one hit—

Morn.

Morn. Her. Sir, I humbly thank you.—“He
“that would be, &c.—must hold the conjugal faith—
“which is this—The man and wife are two in one;
“yet are they not two, but one—and this union!”—

Charles. Why, Mr. Chairman, though no saint,
yet as of the established Church, *professionally*, I am
sure no dissident would approve of such a mockery of
an establishment—

Morn. Her. Come, SATAN—thou art my re-
source—

Sec. ART. 39—“No idle scruples are to deter—
“but from one who, for years (by education and pro-
“fession), has been in orders, the more daring the insult
“to received opinions; at least generally so”—

Charles. Sir, I beg pardon—

Chairman. Mr. TIMES, have you any thing about
religion?—

Times. In correspondence, sir—“Those who write
“for dissenters, write against truth, reason, and the
“evidence of historic events.”—

Ruf. With submission, Mr. Chair—every mem-
ber of the club must have so much the advantage
over us, when religion is the subject, that a little
variety—

Chairman. Mr. CHRONICLE—

Morn. Chron. “The fashionable jump into eter-
“nity, lately made by a stay-maker”—But the
gentlemen are so slow of comprehension—A JUMP,
sir, is a part of a woman’s stays—and he hung him-
self—

Ruf.

Ruf. Sir, we thank you—No more questions—
Go on, gentlemen—

World. “The D. of C. seems much delighted
“with a spot lately granted him—It is NEAR the
“waters of the Jordan—he FORDS the Jordan”—

All. Ha, ha, ha—

Morn. Post. “The CRAVING disposition of his
“fair friend, has EXHAUSTED the Margrave in every
“particular—She complains he cannot RAISE even
“his—September 1st—

Times. “The M—s of Bl— seems to have
“no objection to MOUNT a galloway”—

Argus. “A PAPHIAN ambassadrefs waited on
“the Minister, to open negociations of a TENDER
“nature—The phlegmatic youth replied, his po-
“litics were purely CONTINENTAL—August 2d—

Morn. Chron. “Sir W. Y— Empress with one
“fort, &c. pouring a deluge—situation of the parts—
“deluge would be poured—M. 15th—

Chairman. Gentlemen—as president—I must say
—I think none of you have been happy in your
selections—Scarce a day passes, in which I could not
have quoted passages infinitely better *wrapt up*, than
the gross things I have heard to-night—Excuse me
as UMPIRE—The OTTOMAN game is at stake—Be-
sides, a crown to the conqueror—Try again—

All. Hear, hear, hear—

Ruf. Enough, gentlemen—Now for personal af-
fairs—individuals—families, &c.—

Chairman.

Chairman. Secretary—what says the statute herein provided?—

Sec. IMPRIMIS.—“ In all reflections, or slabs, that
“ are personal or relative, whether the parties are in public
“ stations or not, the actual conduct is nothing; a daring
“ imagination will ransack hell itself, to suggest what
“ charge or accusation is most unjust to the real character;
“ if virtuous, substitute vicious; if liberal, sordid; if
“ fond of a domestic life, and conjugal happiness, the ob-
“ jects are to be exhibited as grossly profligate, &c. &c.”

ITEM, 2dly. “ If nothing can POSSIBLY be brought
“ against the moral, political, or social character of the
“ obnoxious party—then some branch of the family is to
“ be brought forward—unfortunate either in health, cir-
“ cumstances, or connections, by marriage how remote so-
“ ever.—All which unhappy circumstances are to be
“ charged home upon the PRINCIPAL, i. e. individual,
“ who is the object of the attack.”—

ITEM, 3dly. “ As to the SEX, one general rule alone
“ can be adjusted—defamation—in every possible varia-
“ tion—so that their peace and sensibility be wounded,
“ and dread excited, of public contempt, or of family un-
“ happiness.”—

Ruf. (Aside.) CHARLES—I cannot stand this—
Fire from Heaven—or an earthquake!!!

Charles. (Aside.) Hold your tongue, ninny;—
and remember INK-MAKING.—

Chairman. Now, gentlemen, who begins?—

Argus. “ It is not true, that Mr. Boswell threat-
“ ened to write the life of the late unfortunate
“ suicide;

"suicide; some other cause, therefore, must be
"fought for, to account for this unhappy event"—

All. Ha, ha, ha—

Charles. (*Aside.*) Curse that brutal wretch—
but he writes for a gibbet—

Times. "The Queen of France is better—but
"looks most shockingly—Mr. La Fayette continues
"in the noble station of jailor to the family—and—

Ruf. Mr. Chairman, call that villain to order—
I insist upon it—to order—Sir, La Fayette took me
prisoner in America—Bleeding and disabled, he sup-
ported me to his tent; returned my sword; em-
ployed his own surgeon—and wrote to calm the
anxiety of my friends—

Times. Mr. Chairman—I humbly move, that our
agent, PANEGYRIC, be discarded—and the honourable
gentleman chosen in his stead—

All. Ha, ha, ha—excellentissimo—hear—hear—

Charles. Indeed, Mr. Chairman, I condemn Mr.
Howard, he forgets *where* he is;—besides—all pro-
bability of *future* benefits from La Fayette is at an
end; therefore *why* foolishly remember past instances
of generosity?—

Chairman. Admiration!—Why, gentlemen, this
passes;—have we not a rule?—Look, BEELZEBUB—
search—quick—

Sec. RESOLUTION 28—*All abuse that proceeds
"from a person, under eternal obligations, against his
"patron, is the most exalted proof of a mind superior to
"common and ordinary feelings"*—

All.

All. Aye, aye—clear, clear, clear—

Oracle. Then, Chairman, I claim the laurel—
hear me—“ Charles, as a confidential friend, is said
“ to have ESCAPED being involved in the general
“ calamity, so much deplored at a late meeting at
“ New-market—ESCAPE’s then the word—Why to
“ COVENTRY, with this very gallant youth?—
November—

Times. That is a *master-piece*, I own—gentlemen
—for, to the certain knowledge of every soul among
us, ORACLE owes his very bread to the munificent,
though too profuse patronage of the *person* alluded
to—

Oracle. Gentlemen, here’s another—“ Poor
“ *Bland*, who cut his wife’s throat, is to be pitied—
“ Certain duties he could not perform—We think
“ he should be taken into the household—November
—I have also something more of the *younger bro-*
ther—

Morn. Chron. D—— me, gentlemen—this is *too*
bad—I’ll not stay—

All. D—— him; d—— him—send him to—

Charles. Courage, Mr. ORACLE—don’t tremble—
what’s the matter, gentlemen?—Is not your law like
that of the Medes and Persians?—

Morn. Chron. No, sir—That brute beast had been
abusing the personage while abroad—branding him
for debts, meanness, and imp—— (I won’t finish)
—and now, on his return, the fawning slave licks

N

the

the dust off his feet—and published three columns of fulsome, tawdry, glaring adulation—

Morn. Post. Crush him for a toad-eater—

World. Place him by Morning Herald—back to back—the devil and his dam—

Argus. No, gentlemen—he shall supply the d— with paper—he's a NECESSARY man—

All. Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho—What a dumb dog?—a mute Oracle?—Ha, ha, ha—D— him—

Argus. But, Mr. Chairman, it's my turn to be personal now—"We hear from a gentleman in Kent, that Dr. Willis never"—

Charles. If thou a devil be'ft, I cannot kill thee—

(*Draws.*

Ruf. Curse him—I'll guard this pass, Charles—we'll make sure of him—

(*Draws.*

All. Hold, hold, hold—gentlemen—for G—'s sake—no blood—no murder—

Chairman. DIARY—block up Mr. Howard with those joint-stools and the chair—ARGUS, try to hold Mr. Loyal—Dear, dear gentlemen, for the love of G—, confider—Stop 'em—stop 'em—Run, Argus fly, you dog—Run behind, Deputy—crouch, shrink, dodge—Oh! dear—oh! dear—

Argus. Oh! Lord—oh! Lord—oh! Lord—that I could run down again to Oxford!!! gem'men—They are lunatic, mad, distracted—I'll take my corporal oath on't—Oh! that I were but with my editor, in jail—Assault, bodily fear, and battery—

Hold

Hold 'em, TIMES—Stop 'em, WORLD—Speak for me, ORACLE—Take away their swords—Oh! dear—oh! dear—

Ruf. (Aside.) Come, Charles—we are wrong—put up, put up—I remember who it is—and enough—

(Puts up.)

Charles. Gentlemen, and Mr. Chair, we beg pardon—we forget ourselves—Mr. ARGUS, fear nothing—be seated—compose yourselves, gentlemen—only drop these serious matters—Come, something pleasant—Forget and forgive—

Chairman. Well, sir—well, sir—on your word and honour—this once—but I'm out of breath—Begin, somebody—begin—We shall be more composed—

World. “ORACLES grow worse and worse—our imitation acts as an emetic only—They now disgorge nothing but filth and falsehood”

Morn. Post. “We hear that the high wind last night has blown all the lead from the ARGUS into the HERALD office”

Argus. “After what has been said by a CERTAIN paper, a very DEVIL may inform us of important truths.”

Oracle. “It was not a LYRE that Mrs. Jordan wanted, but a LIAR. As the times are sufficiently bad, she had no difficulty in finding one.—A line from A. B. is only fit for a highwayman—and we refer him to the TIMES.”

Argus. "The treasury papers must surely be
"under the MOON's influence.—Perhaps these
"writers pay no taxes, by reason of their living in
"garrets."

Charles and Ruf. Ha, ha, ha—Bravo—

Times. "The despicable lies of opposition are the
"very spawn of the arch-fiend.—Like the rivers of
"hell, they pour forth fire and brimstone; their
"roarings are so tonitruous and inexhaustible, that
"we think of the old dragon and the bottomless
"pit!!!"

Argus. Sir, you are a damn'd liar, and a thief,
and a log—You, with all your stench and sulphur,
never gave so good a thing in your life—Produce
your paper where it appeared—

Times. Sir?—

Argus. Sir—I say, produce your paper—or I'll
empty this quart of two-penny in your face.—

Times. Sir, produce your's about our garret—

Argus. Sir, here it is—Thursday, June 23, 1791
—column the fourth, front page—Now, sir, yours—

Times. Sir, I really beg pardon—I had got the
wrong paper—It is the FIREBRAND—I mistook it
for my own—I beg—

Chairman. Oh fie! a poor come off, Mr. Times
—very poor—There is not one paragraph given yet
—but what was genuine—Who's next?—

Morn. Chron. "The world always credulous, and
"generally absurd"—

Diary,

Diary.

“ When JESUS hir’d a boat to cross the sea,
 “ Oh! HERALD, had he hir’d that boat of thee;
 “ And Satan had but offer’d fixpence more,
 “ By G——, our Saviour had been left ashore.”

All. Ha, ha, ha—Poor Herald—he’s *done over*—

Morn. Her. Mr. Chairman—here’s a direct robbery—These lines were written by Dick Sheridan, on a Captain Coolly, when Miss Linley—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Captain Russel and Lieut. Hartley are wanted—

All. Who!!!— (*Agbafst.*

Boy. CAPTAIN RUSSEL and LIEUT. HARTLEY are wanted—

All. Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord, Oh! Lord—undone, undone—

Ruf. Ask who wants us, boy—Whether the gentleman’s name is BOND—and his attendants, TOWNSEND and JEALOUS?—

Boy. Yes, sir— (*Exit.*

Charles. Why, Russel, if it was Bond and a brother justice, who have over-heard all, in the next room—

Ruf. True, Charles, in that case the NEWGATE CALENDAR may have its use—

All. The L—— have mercy upon us!!!—

Argus. Why, d—— ye all, what argues fear and trembling, and gaping on one another, like Milton’s

Milton's devils, in PANDEMONIUM?—What's to be done?—Speak—

Times. I'll be d——'d, ARGUS, if this is not all along of your confounded libels on ROSE and the treasury—

Argus. No—'foregad—it's yourself, fir—you've been in NEWGATE, for abusing the princes—and BOND is come again—

Morn. Chron. No, no—it's this vile ORACLE—d—— him—I'll throttle him—

Oracle. Help!—help!—I'm cho—o—ak'd!—

World. Let him alone, you murderers—Have at thee—

Morn. Post. Chronicle, I'll help thee—I'll jowl his skull—

Charles. Bravo, bravo—at him, TIMES—Now, ARGUS—Well done, DIARY—Cut him well, COMET—No knives, ORACLE—I'll take this away—To it, boys—to it—never yield—Snatch his wig, HERALD—that's right—Lug his ears—soundly—(tenez ici, Monsieur Le Courier—dans ce coin la—bon)—Poor fellow, he's panic struck—Huzza—sound the charge, RUSSEL,—

Enter MANLY, HARTLEY, &c. in Riding-dresses,

Whips, &c.

Chairman. Forbear, gentlemen—forbear—Let go his ears, ARGUS—Here's the JUSTICES come express on purpose—

Manly.

Manly. Captain, are these the eloquent orators, who——

Mr. Hart. Lieut. Hartley—the press-gang is in the street—and to-morrow's fession-day—

(*Manly, Hart. and Charles whisper.*)

Chairman. Dear, sweet, christian sir—have mercy upon us—Oh! have mercy——intercede——

(*to RUSSEL.*)

All. Sir, as you hope to be saved—we never, never, never—

Ruf. Why, gentlemen, what can I do?—You see the three gentlemen whispering together—I think I heard them say, “NEWGATE, BRIDEWELL for “six months, and BOTANY BAY”——

Times. Oh Lord G——, that ever I should associate with such fiends incarnate—Oh! this accursed OTTOMAN!—Pray, pray, sir—what shall we do?—

Ruf. Faith, I don't know——Look, they are moving—Suppose you fly for it—If the bailiffs should be coming up, you can run over them—

Morn. Her. D—— it, then I'll shew the way—

All. “Run—run——scower—scower——Oh! my “head!!!—d—— you, it has knock'd out three of my “teeth!!!—My toes are crush'd!!!—Curse your sharp “elbows!!!—Oh! my ribs!!!”——

Mr. Hart. Holloa, holloa—stole away—stole away—Follow, boys—follow—tantivy, tantivy—crack, crack—Charge, CAPTAIN—Bear down on their

their rear, CHARLES—Lash 'em, MANLY—Heavenly sport—Tally-ho, tally-ho—

(Exeunt Writers.—Scene shuts.)

Mr. Hart. Well, such a chace I never yet saw—
Oh! that my *stag-hounds* had been here, to fasten on
their *haunches*—

Manly. Faith, Brother HARTLEY—you *whip* in
wonderfully—but the *whole* flight of thirteen steps
was a desperate *leap*—not a few *limbs, bones,* or per-
haps *necks*—

Hart. Oh! d——'em, fear nothing—They are
too much us'd to run before RUNNERS—They are
all doom'd to the gallows—Fair game—fair game—

Ruf. Why, Charles, your broadside was decisive—
The enemy instantly *went down*—

Charles. No more—no more—I'm quite hoarse
with laughing—How the rogues ran and roar'd—
ORACLE *howl'd* his predictions—and ARGUS star'd
for the door with all his eyes—

Manly. Methought the STAR was dim—the POST
doubly rapid—and I believe the WORLD thought
itself at an end—

Charles. The HERALD was in character—he led
the van—and poor TIMES was never so bad off, even
in Newgate—

Hart. I think I never heard so full a cry be-
fore—

All. Ha, ha, ha—

Manly.

y. Well, Ruffel—we have seen the virtuous Mr. Bramble—He has refunded all—with the interest—and to-morrow sets off for Wales—Certain parchments are preparing—and this day week, *you* *rogue*—

Ruf. G—bl—y—, UNCLE, for so I may hope to call you—But how shall I thank you, sir, for so much happiness?—

Mr. Hart. How?—Why, set Charles a good example—Mind, *within* the twelvemonth—

Manly. Charles never failed in his *duty* yet—and I don't fear him—Come—now for a *bottle*—and drink the *reformation* of public papers—If they have not the grace to *be* what they *ought*—we have taught them to *feel* what they are NOT TO BE—by shewing them WHAT (too generally) THEY ARE—

All. Ha, ha, ha—This was NEWS to them, indeed.—

(*Exeunt.*)

F I N I S.